New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR | AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL. | ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume XI. | New Oxford, Pa., Friday, Nov. 29, 1889. | Number 20.

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FOUNTAIN SQUARE, HANOVER, G. P. TUHRMAN, Proprietor, (successor to David Newcomer.) Larder always supplied the luxuries of the season, and the Bar stocked with choicest Liquors, Ale, Beer, and Cigars. Oysters and Game in season, served up in any style. ☞ Meals at any hour.

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CENTRAL HOTEL.

HANOVER, PA.

D. C. FLEMING, PROPRIETOR,

(formerly of the City Hotel, York.)

Free bus; steam heat; good stable accommodations. mar. 28.

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ROOFING, SPOUTNG AND RODING

of houses and barns; Repairing and all kinds of work attended to at shortest notice and work warranted.

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DRUG —AND— JEWELRY STORE!

N. E. Cor. Diamond, New Oxford.

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—DEALER IN—

Pure Drugs,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Patent Medicines,
Toilet Articles,
Choice Perfumery,
Fancy Goods,
Fine Stationery,
Notions, &c.,
Cigars & Tobacco,
Choice Wines and Liquors,
for medical use only.

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions our specialty.

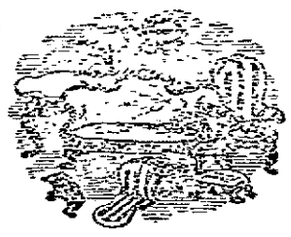
Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., for Sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed. ☞All goods in either department warranted as represented.

We are prepared to do

All Kinds of Job Work!

Great Bargains In

FURNITURE!



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Phila. St., New Oxford.

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SHORT WORK OF A TROUBLESOME CASE—One day I was taken with paralysis of the bowels. The stomach and other organs lost all power of action. Although opposed to proprietary medicines, I tried Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. To make a long story short it saved my life. It is the best medicine in the world for difficulties of the kidneys, liver and bowels.—A. J. Gifford, Lowell, Mass.

Society in Kentucky and the Virginias is in a terribly disturbed condition owing to the bitter family and factional strifes. Instead of endeavoring to compromise disputes, or to effect an adjustment of them by a resort to arbitration or to the courts, the peculiar views of those people lead them to resort to the shot gun, the pistol or the bowie knife, to get satisfaction.—Within the past month there have been an unusual number of such encounters resulting in one or more deaths each time, and last week's news added three more of these bloody deeds to the long list that has gone before. Not merely do the ignorant and depraved constituting the lower strata of society indulge in this method, but it is also the final resort of those standing high in society. It shows spirit of savagism that should be made odius as possible, and yet there will be no change so long as the press and the people where these practices prevail, merely lament the fate of those who are unfortunate in such encounters, without denouncing the actions of all the participants.

The War Department is one of the largest of our government and is becoming too large for one to handle. Secretary Proctor will therefore renew the recommendation of his predecessors, in his forthcoming annual report, that Congress provide for the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War. The Department has over 1500 employes in Washington and over 11,000 throughout the country. At present, whenever the Secretary leaves Washington, the President designates an Acting Secretary.

The Republic of Brazil appears to be a fixed fact. Universal suffrage has been proclaimed throughout the Republic, and such suffrage backed by universal education, will ensure the integrity and steadfastness of the United States of Brazil. The new Republic starts well and will have the best wishes of the great Republic of North America. This bloodless revolution in Brazil makes the monarchies of the world tremble. The rights of man is a principle that is marching on to universal triumph throughout the world.

A TREMENDOUS SENSATION.—The burning of a Mississippi river steamboat causes considerable in New Orleans, just think of the astonishment which Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator has caused by curing dyspepsia, biliousness, indigestion and constipation. Don't fail to try it. Trial bottles free.

When people suffer pain they want to be cured and quickly too, nothing equals Red Flag Oil for all pain. Price 25 cents, at Barnitz's drug store.

Judge Stanton, of Lackawanna Co., began preliminary proceedings in Luzerne county courts Friday against the Lehigh Valley Railroad to obtain damages to the extent of $10,000 for Dominick Gillespie, of Scranton, whose son Anthony, the document says, was so injured by the Mud Run accident as to be totally unfit for labor. "He received dangerous wounds and bruises all over the body; and, further, was exposed to the inclement weather for twenty-four hours, from which exposure he contracted heart disease, lung disease, kidney disease, and is a complete wreck."

Some of the farmers in Chester county have arrayed themselves against the action of the State looking to their being required to furnish answers to some twenty-five questions relative to their standing as farmers and of the condition of their lands, the same being for the benefit of the State gleaner of statistics covering farm lands: their enhanced value or deterioration, all of which is to be published by the State next year.

A swindler sold a Clinton county, Mich., farmer a receipt for making his wheat weigh twice as much as it ought to, and signed a contract to divide the money gained by the extra weight with the scientific swindler. The "contract" eventually turned up as a promissory note and the farmer paid $300 for it—and didn't advertise the matter with a brass band either.

The last flood in the Susquehanna is from all accounts likely to put an end to several lawsuits. Parties upon whose islands logs had lodged during the June flood claimed a salvage of 50 cts. per log. The owners refused to pay the claims but were willing to compromise and pay what they considered a reasonable sum, claiming that the 50 cents per log salvage did not pertain to logs that lodged on other people's property, but those that were caught afloat. The owners of the premises refused to to accept the compromise offered by the log owners, and several suits have recently been entered in the Lancaster county courts in consequence. The floods of this week washed off a great many of these logs, so that in some instances, it is said, suits will have to be abandoned, and the claimants will receive nothing, having neither the logs or money. Another instance of the truth of the old proverb, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

A peculiar case was filed Friday in the Circuit Court at Birmingham, Ala. One Thomas S. Davis, a young man 26 years of age, brings suit for $50,000 against the Georgia Pacific Railroad Company, and alleges that through the carelessness of the officers of that corporation his heart was knocked from the left side of his body to the right side, much to his physical and mental discomfort. He was employed as a brakeman for the company a few months since, and was injured in a wreck. He alleges that his intestines were completely turned around by the injuries he received, and his heart afterward changed in sympathy with them.

Cheap Western lands are doing more for the growth of forests in this country, says the Philadelphia Press, than any forestry association. The Vermont, New Hampshire and even Massachusetts papers are full of accounts of abandoned farms over which the trees are again encroaching, and Massachusetts alone has to-day as much wooded land, in the opinion of Professor Shaler, of Harvard, as when it was first settled, and far more than a century ago. With the fall of farm lands in many counties in this State from one-third to one-fourth in value, it will not be long before this begins to be true in Pennsylvania.

The house of Mrs. George L. Glass, on Wylie street, Pittsburg, was wrecked Friday morning by an explosion of natural gas, and Barbara Schofield, a domestic, probably fatally burned. The explosion was caused by a leak in the main in front of the house. The force of the explosion was so severe that three heavy flagstones, about four by nine ft. and eight inches thick, were shattered into thousands of pieces.

At Braddock, a little while later, there was another explosion, in which six persons were terribly and all perhaps fatally burned and a house blown to atoms. A gas company employee was looking for a leak in the pipe and the light from his lamp ignited the gas.

Stephen Pettus, secretary and treasurer of the Union Elevated Railroad Company, in Brooklyn, a cotton broker and member of the Cotton Exchange, was shot dead in Brooklyn by Mrs. Hanna B. Southworth, a widow, who alleges Pettus had wronged her.

The Old Dominion steamship, Manhattan, from New York to West Point, Va., was sunk off the Virginia coast in collision with the schooner Agnes Manning last Wednesday, and twenty lives are believed to have been lost. Those who escaped in the lifeboat were picked up and taken to New London, Conn.

The Lancaster County Commissioners have presented a bill of $104,617.96 to the city of Lancaster for the opening of roads and streets, which the city will refuse to acknowledge, and a law suit will very likely follow.

James J. Smith, a New York letter carrier, Friday shot and killed his 2-year old child Elizabeth and mortally wounded his 11 months-old child Mary. Smith has had a good deal of trouble with his wife lately.

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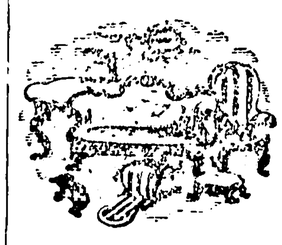

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SHORT WORK OF A TROUBLESOME CASE—One day I was taken with paralysis of the bowels. The stomach and other organs lost all power of action. Although opposed to proprietary medicines, I tried Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. To make a long story short it saved my life. It is the best medicine in the world for difficulties of the kidneys, liver and bowels.—A. J. Gifford, Lowell, Mass.

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The War Department is one of the largest of our government and is becoming too large for one to handle. Secretary Proctor will therefore renew the recommendation of his predecessors, in his forthcoming annual report, that Congress provide for the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War, The Department has over 1500 employes in Washington and over 11,000 throughout the country. At present, whenever the Secretary leaves Washington, the President designates an Acting Secretary.

The Republic of Brazil appears to be a fixed fact. Universal suffrage has been proclaimed throughout the Republic, and such suffrage backed by universal education, will ensure the integrity and steadfastness of the United States of Brazil. The new Republic starts well and will have the best wishes of the great Republic of North America. This bloodless revolution in Brazil makes the monarchies of the world tremble. The rights of man is a principle that is marching on to universal triumph throughout the world.

A TREMENDOUS SENSATION.—The burning of a Mississippi river steamboat causes considerable in New Orleans, just think of the astonishment which Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator has caused by curing dyspepsia; biliousness, indigestion and constipation. Don't fail to try it. Trial bottles free.

When people suffer pain they want to be cured and quickly too, nothing equals Red Flag Oil for all pain. Price 25 cents, at Barnitz's drug store.

Judge Stanton, of Lackawanna Co., began preliminary proceedings in Luzerne county courts Friday against the Lehigh Valley Railroad to obtain damages to the extent of $10,000 for Dominick Gillespie, of Scranton, whose son Anthony, the document says, was so injured by the Mud Run accident as to be totally unfit for labor. "He received dangerous wounds and bruises all over the body; and, further, was exposed to the inclement weather for twenty-four hours, from which exposure he contracted heart disease, lung disease, kidney disease, and is a complete wreck."

Some of the farmers in Chester county have arrayed themselves against the action of the State looking to their being required to furnish answers to some twenty-five questions relative to their standing as farmers and of the condition of their lands, the same being for the benefit of the State gleaner of statistics covering farm lands: their enhanced value or deterioration, all of which is to be published by the State next year.

A swindler sold a Clinton county, Mich., farmer a receipt for making his wheat weigh twice as much as it ought to, and signed a contract to divide the money gained by the extra weight with the scientific swindler. The "contract" eventually turned up as a promissory note and the farmer paid $300 for it—and didn't advertise the matter with a brass band either.

The last flood in the Susquehanna is from all accounts likely to put an end to several lawsuits. Parties upon whose islands logs had lodged during the June flood claimed a salvage of 50 cts. per log. The owners refused to pay the claims but were willing to compromise and pay what they considered a reasonable sum, claiming that the 50 cents per log salvage did not pertain to logs that lodged on other people's property, but those that were caught afloat. The owners of the premises refused to to accept the compromise offered by the log owners, and several suits have recently been entered in the Lancaster county courts in consequence. The floods of this week washed off a great many of these logs, so that in some instances, it is said, suits will have to be abandoned, and the claimants will receive nothing, having neither the logs or money. Another instance of the truth of the old proverb, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

A peculiar case was filed Friday in the Circuit Court at Birmingham, Ala. One Thomas S. Davis, a young man 20 years of age, brings suit for $50,000 against the Georgia Pacific Railroad Company, and alleges that through the carelessness of the officers of that corporation his heart was knocked from the left side of his body to the right side, much to his physical and mental discomfort. He was employed as a brakeman for the company a few months since, and was injured in a wreck. He alleges that his intestines were completely turned around by the injuries he received, and his heart afterward changed in sympathy with them.

Cheap Western lands are doing more for the growth of forests in this country, says the Philadelphia Press, than any forestry association. The Vermont, New Hampshire and even Massachusetts papers are full of accounts of abandoned farms over which the trees are again encroaching, and Massachusetts alone has to-day as much wooded land, in the opinion of Professor Shaler, of Harvard, as when it was first settled, and far more than a century ago. With the fall of farm lands in many counties in this State from one-third to one-fourth in value, it will not be long before this begins to be true in Pennsylvania.

The house of Mrs. George L. Glass, on Wylie street, Pittsburg, was wrecked Friday morning by an explosion of natural gas, and Barbara Schofield, a domestic, probably fatally burned. The explosion was caused by a leak in the main in front of the house. The force of the explosion was so severe that three heavy flagstones, about four by nine ft. and eight inches thick, were shattered into thousands of pieces.

At Braddock, a little while later, there was another explosion, in which six persons were terribly and all perhaps fatally burned and a house blown to atoms. A gas company employee was looking for a leak in the pipe and the light from his lamp ignited the gas.

Stephen Pettus, secretary and treasurer of the Union Elevated Railroad Company, in Brooklyn, a cotton broker and member of the Cotton Exchange, was shot dead in Brooklyn by Mrs. Hanna B. Southworth, a widow, who alleges Pettus had wronged her.

The Old Dominion steamship, Manhattan, from New York to West Point, Va., was sunk off the Virginia coast in collision with the schooner Agnes Manning last Wednesday, and twenty lives are believed to have been lost. Those who escaped in the lifeboat were picked up and taken to New London, Conn.

The Lancaster County Commissioners have prosented a bill of $104,617.90 to the city of Lancaster for the opening of roads and streets, which the city will refuse to acknowledge, and a law suit will very likely follow.

James J. Smith, a New York letter carrier, Friday shot and killed his 2-year old child Elizabeth and mortally wounded his 11 months-old child Mary. Smith has had a good deal of trouble with his wife lately.

THANKSGIVING.

For the hay and the corn and the wheat that is reaped,
For the labor well done, and the barns that are heaped,
For the sun and the dew and the sweet honeycomb,
For the rose and the song and the harvest brought home—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
For the cunning and strength of the workingman's hand,
For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
For the friendship that hope and affection have brought—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,
For the season of plenty and well-deserved rest,
For our country extending from sea unto sea,
The land that is known as the "Land of the Free"—
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

Harper's Weekly.

HOW WE GOT OUR TURKEY.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

THERE was no doubt that the country was prosperous. No reasonable man could deny it. The harvests had been plenteous, the earth had yielded up her fruits in abundance, and there were abundant reasons for thanksgiving. I read the President's Thanksgiving message and agreed with it heartily, as far as others were concerned; but somehow I couldn't see how it applied to me. Perhaps you will say I was selfish, and I am willing to confess I am. The fact is that when the cake is going around I want to get a piece. If I don't get it I feel disappointed. While I am glad in the abstract that others come in for a share of the cake, in the concrete I am mad because it passes me.

But, perhaps, after all, I am too sweeping in my conclusions. I don't know but that there is one person in the world who is capable of self-sacrifice of a high order, and that is my wife Nellie. Bless her little heart, I am almost willing to overlook all the weakness of humanity for her sake. Why, I've known her to go without bread and butter when she was faint with hunger so that the children could have an extra slice. That was three years ago at Thanksgiving time. The memory of her courage and self-denial makes my eyes wet.

You see, Nellie was always practical and unselfish, while I was impracticable and poetic. Why, if I had her executive ability I'd have been a millionaire by this time, a cool millionaire, with a yacht and a country house on the Hudson. But she was handicapped by her sex and the children and couldn't exercise her natural gifts.

I must go on, however, and tell my story. The month preceding Thanksgiving Day of 1885, was the gloomiest time I ever witnessed. We had just arrived in the city from Shandaken, N. Y., in the Catskills. I was a farmer's boy and Nellie was a farmer's daughter. Before we were married a famous singer spent the summer in our village. One night at a strawberry festival he heard me sing, and was kind enough to say that I had an excellent tenor voice, and with proper culture I could command a good salary as a choir singer in New York. Of course such encouragement fired me with hope. The farm became distasteful to me, and I determined to cultivate my voice instead of cultivating corn.

We had an old-fashioned melodeon in the house, and with the help of a few lessons the famous singer gave me and what I could learn from hints in the opening pages of the choir books, I made life a burden for the rest of the family with my do, re, mein every evening. I made fair progress, too, under the circumstances and Nellie fell in love with me on account of my voice. I remember distinctly that her favorite was a little selection from one of Mendelssohn's songs without words set to the following lines:

Still, still with thee when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee:
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Comes the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Well, we were married, and for a time my music was given up. But the life of a farmer fretted me, and I took up my music again, and after two years' hard work at it we moved to the city. I thought in my ignorance of metropolitan life that I should have no difficulty in procuring a situation, but I soon found out my mistake. In the first place I found that I was incompetent. I was deficient in style. My voice, while strong and resonant, had not been properly trained. Then, too, there was no vacancies. Even if I had been competent there were fifty applicants for every position. Before I had been in the city for two weeks I heartily wished myself back in Shandaken again.

In the meantime the little money I had saved and brought with me melted away like snow on the roof of a barn. My time was mainly taken up in running around to the musical agencies looking for a situation. I had a little job on Sundays singing at a mission on Avenue A, where I earned $2, and for three weeks that was all I earned. We lived in East New York and my car fare over to the city and back every day cost me sixteen cents.

You will readily see that we had to live frugally. In fact, for two weeks we lived upon oatmeal and molasses, and toward the last there was no molasses, and Thanksgiving coming over the hills. Every night when I got out at Manhattan avenue my three little girls were standing at the foot of the stairway waiting for me. I could see them from the top of the stairs, all in a row, their little cloaks flapping in the chill November wind, their lips blue and teeth rattling like castanets.

Wait a minute. It makes me feel faint to think of it, even after the lapse of three years. Well, it's all over now, I don't know why it affects me so strongly. There was something humorous, too, in the way the little tots jumped around to keep warm. As soon as they saw the train swing around the turn they ranged themselves in a row and looked upward so wistfully, oh, so wistfully, to see their papa. For you must know that although not one word of our desperate situation had been breathed in their hearing, yet their keen intuitions had told them something was wrong, and they knew as well as their mother that I was looking for work. How eagerly they looked in my face each evening, so that if there was a ray of hope in it the eldest could start on a run to tell her mother the good news!

Of course I cheered them with fairy tales of what a wonderful big turkey we would have on Thanksgiving. A gobbler of tremendous size, who had strutted when alive like a prince in the story books. Then followed a description of the cranberry sauce and the huge wedges of mince pie. All this took place while I was carrying two of the children in my arms and the other was hanging on to my coat at my side. I hope I shall be forgiven for those lies. For they were lies

of the blackest sort. I knew there wasn't one chance in a thousand that we would have a turkey on Thanksgiving Day. But I think under the circumstances that an angel of light would have departed from the truth to see those little faces light up with anticipation, to see the cheeks flush and the white teeth bare themselves as though cutting the tender meat from a turkey leg.

But the hardest sight for me to bear was the look Nellie gave me. Just one quick glance into my face and she knew all the sorrowful tale. It was not necessary to tell her how I had tramped the streets of the big city all day, how faint I had become from hunger; how I was raging at heart like a caged lion; how in my awful rage I cursed the rich and hated humanity. Not for myself, but for the hungry babies and their mother.

Never a word of complaint from Nellie. Only encouragement and hope.

Then came the oatmeal alone. For the molasses was all gone. I don't eat oatmeal now. The taste of it is insufferable to me. My palate rises in rebellion against it. I have heard of the man who ate thirty quail in thirty days. I wonder whether he ever tried oatmeal for thirty days.

On the morning before Thanksgiving I was fairly crazy with grief and anticipation. Nellie and I had a consultation the night before, and she suggested that I should write a piece of poetry about the Thanksgiving turkey.

The idea pleased me. It was a relief certainly from the brooding over the morrow. I got a book of poems from my little store, which had so far escaped the pawn-shop and hunted up a metre after which I copied, for of course I knew nothing about metre or poetical feet.

Meanwhile Nellie sat there mending the clothing of her babies and the tears fell thick and fast upon the garments. I couldn't stand it so I jumped up and went out into the street to walk off the effect those childish voices had upon me. When I came back, thank Heaven, they were asleep, folded in each others arms. Then I got to work on my poem. It took me one hour and a half to write the first verse. I became discouraged before I had written two lines and would have given up but for Nellie's encouragement.

"Now, what's the use, Nell; just listen to this stuff," said I, reading the stanza:

The turkey roosteth high to-night—
He's hid in the hemlock tree;
In fancy I see his plumage bright,
But he gobbles not for me.

"Why, I think it's real nice. I didn't know you could write so well as that. It's splendid; write another stanza."

"But don't you see, Nell, that it isn't true. The turkey don't gobble at night."

"Oh, well, that don't make any difference. The poets always have license, you know. Besides, how many persons will know that he doesn't gobble at night! Not one in a hundred."

"I'm afraid it's no good and that it won't go with the editor. Anyhow, I'll try a few lines more."

The little clock ticked monotonously on the mantel. The fire burned low, and Nellie put a shawl over her shoulders, for the room was growing cold. But the chill air did not affect me. I was giving birth to a poem. The second stanza came easier. What bothered me most was the rhyme. I think, to the best of my recollection, that the second instalment consumed a half hour of intense thought. I was better satisfied than with the first stanza, because I knew it was truer. Here it is, just as I read it to Nellie:

His comb is as red as ruddy wine,
His breast is a shining sheen:
But his carcass is safe from me and mine—
We can't pick his wishbone clean.

The muse was rather skittish at the third stanza. I coaxed her with a pipe of tobacco, the fumes of which made Nellie cough, and I persuaded her to go to bed. The clock struck 11. The wind rattled the window frame and I began to think that poets earned their money. I almost fell asleep over this stanza. While laboriously constructing it there came a picture to me of the old farm house in the Catskills, the table groaning with its weight of good things. It occurred to me just here that I was doing the groaning now. When finished, after many interlineations and corrections, it read as follows:

There was a time long, long ago,
When deprived of his feathery vest,
I seized his leg in my strong right hand,
And dissected his meaty breast.

By this time I had got into the spirit of my undertaking. The lines ran off the end of my pen as smoothly as water runs off a duck's back. With a confident smile I finished the last verse.

The next morning I had to fill up the hole in a ten-cent piece with soap and ashes in order to deceive the toll-taker at the elevated railroad station. All the way down town I read and reread the alleged poem, trying to perfect it. When I arrived in New York I hesitated before the big newspaper offices, afraid to go in. At last I managed to pluck up courage enough to go up stairs, where, contrary to my expectations, I was kindly received and was told that my poem would be read, and if it possessed sufficient merit it would be printed. 'Twas encouraging, to be sure, but what was I going to do in the meantime for the turkey?

The day was spent in the usual way, running around looking for a job and finding none. I managed, however, to earn fifty cents by carrying some coal. It hurt my pride to do it, but the faces of the children rose before me, and I would almost have committed murder just then.

With a heavy heart I started to walk over the bridge just after sunset. The wind blew cold from the northeast, and I buttoned my coat close to my chin. It was a starlit night. The great towers loomed up above me like entrances to some gigantic temple. The river rushed and swirled below, and reflected in silver gleams the light from the electric lamps. I could see the little waves capped with foam. It was a fascinating sight, and I felt strangely drawn toward the river. For a time I forgot the babies and Nellie. Behind me was the great, roaring city, with its thousands of men and women struggling for existence. I had been trampled under foot in the crush. Why should I return and renew the battle? As I brooded over the river, chilled to the marrow by the searching wind, the water seemed to beckon me. Its shifting currents whispered "Come;" its shadowy, gleaming rifts, its miniature maelstroms seemed to my excited fancy to say: "Here's rest for you. We'll bear you away to dreamland, where hunger and pain and sorrow are drowned in the nepenthe of eternal rest."

In this state of partial unconsciousness I began to climb up the railing to reach the roadway below, when a policeman touched me on the shoulder and told me to "move on." I did move on, but in a dazed, uncertain way, until I reached the Brooklyn entrance. Here the crowd from the cars was pouring out in the street like a torrent, and in the crush I was hustled about and at last stumbled into the arms of a stout man muffled in an old army overcoat. He held me away from him by my arms. Then he shook me and said:

"What's the matter with you, Tom? Ye ain't drunk, be ye?"

There was something familiar in the voice, and looking up I saw the homely face of Sam Jones, of Shandaken, before me. Then came another shake, and this time I came to myself again.

"By George, Sam, I'm glad to see you," I stammered.

"Well, let's go an' get somethin' to warm you up. You're near froze, man."

Thawed and melted by a steaming cup of coffee, I told Sam all the sorrowful story. How the children would be waiting at the station for me expecting the turkey I had foolishly promised them and my inability to procure it. I was interrupted at intervals by exclamations from Sam such as:

"Well, I'll be blessed! You kin bet yer boots them kids is goin' to hav' their turkey! B'gosh! I allers did say that the city's no place fur a farmer!"

Under the cheerful influence of Sam's sympathy I soon regained my lost courage. He insisted that we should go to the nearest grocery, where he picked out the biggest turkey he could find. Then there were two quarts of cranberries, three big mince pies, a package of candy for the children, a bunch of crisp celery, and other things appropriate to Thanksgiving Day.

When Sam left me at the elevated station he pressed a $5 bill into my hand, despite my protests, with the remark:

"Now, you take it, old man. I got good prices fur my truck this season. 'Sides that I am only lending it to ye. Ye've got to pay me every cent back!"

With a parting hand shake he disappeared. As the train rattled along over the shining rails I could see the lights of the big bridge fading away behind me. The river rushed below just as it had done one brief hour before, but its turbid waters had no fascination for me now.

I wish every man and woman who reads this story could have seen the faces of those three children as they stood at the foot of the elevated station. My arms were filled with bundles, and when those three pairs of eyes gazed upon the glorious sight what an infantile shout went up! And how they danced with glee! The eldest insisted that she could carry the turkey, but she couldn't, it was too heavy. But each one had to carry a bundle. And so, like a conquering army returning with the spoils, we marched around to the house.

And Nellie! Well, bless me, if she didn't sit right down on a chair and cry like a baby. I can't remember distinctly, because, you see, it's three years ago now, but I have an indistinct recollection that a few salt drops ran down my cheeks. As for Sam Jones, I think he would have felt fully repaid for his kindness if he could have heard Buelah say her little prayer that night. That simple petition is carven so distinctly on the walls of my memory that I can repeat it word for word:

"Dod bless T'an'sgivin', en papa, en mamma, en Sam Jones. Dood night!"

The Boy's Opinion.

Oh, Valentine Day is well enough
And Fourth of July is jolly,
And Christmas time is beautiful,
With its gifts and its wreaths of holly.

New Year's calling is rather nice,
And Hallowe'en sports are funny,
And a May-Day party isn't bad,
When the weather is warm and sunny.

Oh, all of them are well enough:
But the day that is best worth living,
Is when we all go to grandmamma's,
To a splendid, big Thanksgiving:

—*Emma C. Dowd*

The Little Fiend.

"You must feel some satisfaction in eating the turkey that chased you around the yard a week ago," said the minister. "He was a very saucy bird when alive, wasn't he?"

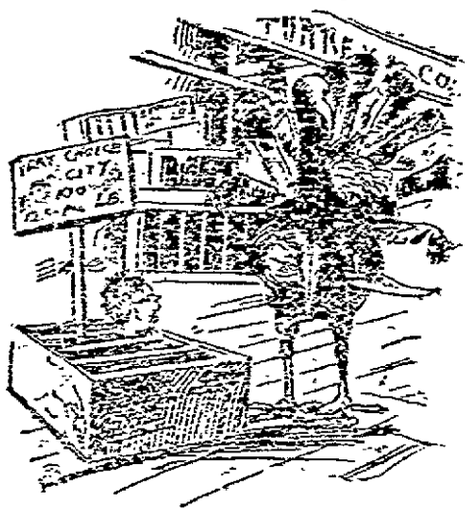
"Yes," replied little Johnnie, "and ma said when you got through there would be nothing left but the cranberry sauce."

Too Honest to Succeed.

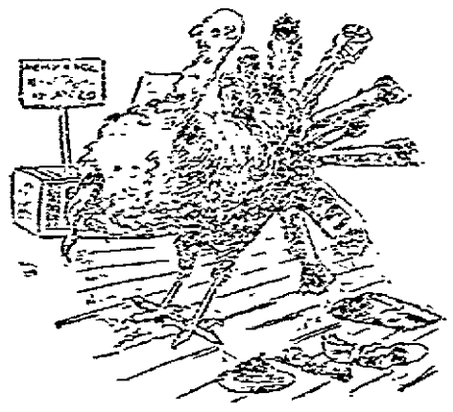
"What kind of bread do you like best," asked a kind-hearted old lady, who was getting something for the tramp's Thanksgiving.

"The bread of idleness, mum."

The Turk's Thanksgiving Dinner.



Tommy and the Turk.



The Turk and Tommy.

Thanksgiving Pulpits.

There were three public occasions in the course of the year upon which the New England clergy used to feel warranted in preaching politics; these were Fast Day, "Election Day"—which meant the day on which a new Governor was inaugurated—and Thanksgiving Day. Few such occasions were allowed to pass unimproved. But the pews kept close watch of the pulpit, and more stories are told of those occasional sermons than of any others. Their humor is commonly apparent at a glance:

In Dr. Adams's book on "Thanksgiving," a good story is told of the Rev. Dr. Ely, of Connecticut. The good doctor is described as one of the most prudent, faithful, spiritual pastors of his time. In a season of great political excitement, it was reported by persons hostile to him that he had preached on political subjects in a neighboring parish. It was thought proper to trace the report to its source. The neighboring parish was visited, and the inquiry made: "Did Dr. Ely preach politics when here?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Well, sir, if he did not preach politics, he prayed politics."

"What did he say?"

"Say? He said: 'Though hand join in hand, yet the wicked shall not go unpunished.'"

Another story told by Dr. Adams can be referred to the thanksgiving pulpit with fullest confidence. There was once elected Governor of Massachusetts a certain worthy gentleman who had been voted for as a candidate year after year, but who had always before been defeated. Even when he was elected, he slipped in by the narrowest of all majorities. The minority no doubt felt that his administration was a dispensation, and were rather inclined to fasting than to giving thanks.

The custom prevailed, whenever the Governor issued his annual proclamation for Thanksgiving, of sending by the sheriff of the county a copy of the same, on a large hand bill, to be read from every pulpit, which document invariably closed—as proclamations in Massachusetts still do—after the signature of the Governor, with the exclamation: "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

On the year referred to the newly elected magistrate issued his proclamation in the usual form. It is said that a venerable clergyman of the old party laid the broad sheet over his reading desk, and after performing the professional duty of reciting it, with an ill disguised aversion, announced the official signature with an intonation feebly marked by posnts of interrogation and surprise:

"Marcus Morton, Governor? God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!!"?

Grouping of Animals.

The generally accepted terms of the various groups of animals and birds are as follows, according to an English authority: A herd of swine, a skulk of foxes, a pack of wolves, a drove of oxen or cattle, a sounder of hogs, a troop of monkeys, a pride of lions, a sleuth of bears, a band of horses, a herd of ponies, a covy of partridges, a nide of pheasants, a wisp of snipe, a school of whales, a shoal of herrings, a run of fish, a flight of doves, a muster of peacocks, a siege of herons, a building of rooks, a brood of grouse, swarm of bees, gnats, flies, etc., a stand of flowers, a watch of nightingales, a cast of hawks, a flock of geese, sheep, goats, etc., a bevy of girls, a galaxy of stars and a crowd of men or boys.

Timely Warning to Dyspeptics.

Do not stuff yourself with dressing,
Neither monkey with mince-pie.
For the turkey's ghost will haunt you
When in bed at night you lie.

A turkey on the table is worth two on a roost.

Don't count your turkey before it is carved, for it may go back on you.

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THANKSGIVING.

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Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight
Comes the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Well, we were married, and for a time my music was given up. But the life of a farmer fretted me, and I took up my music again, and after two years' hard work at it we moved to the city. I thought in my ignorance of metropolitan life that I should have no difficulty in procuring a situation, but I soon found out my mistake. In the first place I found that I was incompetent. I was deficient in style. My voice, while strong and resonant, had not been properly trained. Then, too, there was no vacancies. Even if I had been competent there were fifty applicants for every position. Before I had been in the city for two weeks I heartily wished myself back in Shandaken again.

In the meantime the little money I had saved and brought with me melted away like snow on the roof of a barn. My time was mainly taken up in running around to the musical agencies looking for a situation. I had a little job on Sundays singing at a mission on Avenue A, where I earned $2, and for three weeks that was all I earned. We lived in East New York and my car fare over to the city and back every day cost me sixteen cents.

You will readily see that we had to live frugally. In fact, for two weeks we lived upon oatmeal and molasses, and toward the last there was no molasses, and Thanksgiving coming over the hills. Every night when I got out at Manhattan avenue my three little girls were standing at the foot of the stairway waiting for me. I could see them from the top of the stairs, all in a row, their little cloaks flapping in the chill November wind, their lips blue and teeth rattling like castanets.

Wait a minute. It makes me feel faint to think of it, even after the lapse of three years. Well, it's all over now, I don't know why it affects me so strongly. There was something humorous, too, in the way the little tots jumped around to keep warm. As soon as they saw the train swing around the turn they ranged themselves in a row and looked upward so wistfully, oh, so wistfully, to see their papa. For you must know that although not one word of our desperate situation had been breathed in their hearing, yet their keen intuitions had told them something was wrong, and they knew as well as their mother that I was looking for work. How eagerly they looked in my face each evening, so that if there was a ray of hope in it the eldest could start on a run to tell her mother the good news!

Of course I cheered them with fairy tales of what a wonderful big turkey we would have on Thanksgiving. A gobbler of tremendous size, who had strutted when alive like a prince in the story books. Then followed a description of the cranberry sauce and the huge wedges of mince pie. All this took place while I was carrying two of the children in my arms and the other was hanging on to my coat at my side. I hope I shall be forgiven for those lies. For they were lies

of the blackest sort. I knew there wasn't one chance in a thousand that we would have a turkey on Thanksgiving Day. But I think under the circumstances that an angel of light would have departed from the truth to see those little faces light up with anticipation, to see the cheeks flush and the white teeth bare themselves as though cutting the tender meat from a turkey leg.

But the hardest sight for me to bear was the look Nellie gave me. Just one quick glance into my face and she knew all the sorrowful tale. It was not necessary to tell her how I had tramped the streets of the big city all day, how faint I had become from hunger; how I was raging at heart like a caged lion; how in my awful rage I cursed the rich and hated humanity. Not for myself, but for the hungry babies and their mother.

Never a word of complaint from Nellie. Only encouragement and hope.

Then came the oatmeal alone. For the molasses was all gone. I don't eat oatmeal now. The taste of it is insufferable to me. My palate rises in rebellion against it. I have heard of the man who ate thirty quail in thirty days. I wonder whether he ever tried oatmeal for thirty days.

On the morning before Thanksgiving I was fairly crazy with grief and anticipation. Nellie and I had a consultation the night before, and she suggested that I should write a piece of poetry about the Thanksgiving turkey.

The idea pleased me. It was a relief certainly from the brooding over the morrow. I got a book of poems from my little store, which had so far escaped the pawn-shop and hunted up a metre after which I copied, for of course I knew nothing about metre or poetical feet.

Meanwhile Nellie sat there mending the clothing of her babies and the tears fell thick and fast upon the garments. I couldn't stand it so I jumped up and went out into the street to walk off the effect those childish voices had upon me. When I came back, thank Heaven, they were asleep, folded in each others arms. Then I got to work on my poem. It took me one hour and a half to write the first verse. I became discouraged before I had written two lines and would have given up but for Nellie's encouragement.

"Now, what's the use, Nell; just listen to this stuff," said I, reading the stanza:

The turkey roosteth high to-night—
He's hid in the hemlock tree;
In fancy I see his plumage bright,
But he gobbles not for me.

"Why, I think it's real nice. I didn't know you could write so well as that. It's splendid; write another stanza."

"But don't you see, Nell, that it isn't true. The turkey don't gobble at night."

"Oh, well, that don't make any difference. The poets always have license, you know. Besides, how many persons will know that he doesn't gobble at night! Not one in a hundred."

"I'm afraid it's no good and that it won't go with the editor. Anyhow, I'll try a few lines more."

The little clock ticked monotonously on the mantel. The fire burned low, and Nellie put a shawl over her shoulders, for the room was growing cold. But the chill air did not affect me. I was giving birth to a poem. The second stanza came easier. What bothered me most was the rhyme. I think, to the best of my recollection, that the second instalment consumed a half hour of intense thought. I was better satisfied than with the first stanza, because I knew it was truer. Here it is, just as I read it to Nellie:

His comb is as red as ruddy wine,
His breast is a shining sheen:
But his carcass is safe from me and mine—
We can't pick his wishbone clean.

The muse was rather skittish at the third stanza. I coaxed her with a pipe of tobacco, the fumes of which made Nellie cough, and I persuaded her to go to bed. The clock struck 11. The wind rattled the window frame and I began to think that poets earned their money. I almost fell asleep over this stanza. While laboriously constructing it there came a picture to me of the old farm house in the Catskills, the table groaning with its weight of good things. It occurred to me just here that I was doing the groaning now. When finished, after many interlineations and corrections, it read as follows:

There was a time long, long ago,
When deprived of his feathery vest,
I seized his leg in my strong right hand,
And dissected his meaty breast.

By this time I had got into the spirit of my undertaking. The lines ran off the end of my pen as smoothly as water runs off a duck's back. With a confident smile I finished the last verse.

The next morning I had to fill up the hole in a ten-cent piece with soap and ashes in order to deceive the toll-taker at the elevated railroad station. All the way down town I read and reread the alleged poem, trying to perfect it. When I arrived in New York I hesitated before the big newspaper offices, afraid to go in. At last I managed to pluck up courage enough to go up stairs, where, contrary to my expectations, I was kindly received and was told that my poem would be read, and if it possessed sufficient merit it would be printed. 'Twas encouraging, to be sure, but what was I going to do in the meantime for the turkey?

The day was spent in the usual way, running around looking for a job and finding none. I managed, however, to earn fifty cents by carrying some coal. It hurt my pride to do it, but the faces of the children rose before me, and I would almost have committed murder just then.

With a heavy heart I started to walk over the bridge just after sunset. The wind blew cold from the northeast, and I buttoned my coat close to my chin. It was a starlit night. The great towers loomed up above me like entrances to some gigantic temple. The river rushed and swirled below, and reflected in silver gleams the light from the electric lamps. I could see the little waves capped with foam. It was a fascinating sight, and I felt strangely drawn toward the river. For a time I forgot the babies and Nellie. Behind me was the great, roaring city, with its thousands of men and women struggling for existence. I had been trampled under foot in the crush. Why should I return and renew the battle? As I brooded over the river, chilled to the marrow by the searching wind, the water seemed to beckon me. Its shifting currents whispered "Come;" its shadowy, gleaming rifts, its miniature malestroms seemed to my excited fancy to say: "Here's rest for you. We'll bear you away to dreamland, where hunger and pain and sorrow are drowned in the nepenthe of eternal rest."

In this state of partial unconsciousness I began to climb up the railing to reach the roadway below, when a policeman touched me on the shoulder and told me to "move on." I did move on, but in a dazed, uncertain way, until I reached the Brooklyn entrance. Here the crowd from the cars was pouring out in the street like a torrent, and in the crush I was hustled about and at last stumbled into the arms of a stout man muffled in an old army overcoat. He held me away from him by my arms. Then he shook me and said:

"What's the matter with you, Tom? Ye ain't drunk, be ye?"

There was something familiar in the voice, and looking up I saw the homely face of Sam Jones, of Shandaken, before me. Then came another shake, and this time I came to myself again.

"By George, Sam, I'm glad to see you," I stammered.

"Well, let's go an' get somethin' to warm you up. You're near froze, man."

Thawed and melted by a steaming cup of coffee, I told Sam all the sorrowful story. How the children would be waiting at the station for me expecting the turkey I had foolishly promised them and my inability to procure it. I was inter-

rupted at intervals by exclamations from Sam such as:

"Well, I'll be blessed! You kin bet yer boots them kids is goin' to hav' their turkey! B'gosh! I allers did say that the city's no place fur a farmer!"

Under the cheerful influence of Sam's sympathy I soon regained my lost courage. He insisted that we should go to the nearest grocery, where he picked out the biggest turkey he could find. Then there were two quarts of cranberries, three big mince pies, a package of candy for the children, a bunch of crisp celery, and other things appropriate to Thanksgiving Day.

When Sam left me at the elevated station he pressed a $5 bill into my hand, despite my protests, with the remark:

"Now, you take it, old man. I got good prices fur my truck this season. 'Sides that I am only lending it to ye Ye've got to pay me every cent back!"

With a parting hand shake he disappeared. As the train rattled along over the shining rails I could see the lights of the big bridge fading away behind me. The river rushed below just as it had done one brief hour before, but its turbid waters had no fascination for me now.

I wish every man and woman who reads this story could have seen the faces of those three children as they stood at the foot of the elevated station. My arms were filled with bundles, and when those three pairs of eyes gazed upon the glorious sight what an infantile shout went up! And how they danced with glee! The eldest insisted that she could carry the turkey, but she couldn't, it was too heavy. But each one had to carry a bundle. And so, like a conquering army returning with the spoils, we marched around to the house.

And Nellie! Well, bless me, if she didn't sit right down on a chair and cry like a baby. I can't remember distinctly, because, you see, it's three years ago now, but I have an indistinct recollection that a few salt drops ran down my cheeks. As for Sam Jones, I think he would have felt fully repaid for his kindness if he could have heard Buelah say her little prayer that night. That simple petition is carven so distinctly on the walls of my memory that I can repeat it word for word:

"Dod bless T'an'sgivin', en papa, en mamma, en Sam Jones. Dood night!"

The Boy's Opinion.

Oh, Valentine Day is well enough
And Fourth of July is jolly,
And Christmas time is beautiful,
With its gifts and its wreaths of holly.

New Year's calling is rather nice,
And Hallowe'en sports are funny,
And a May-Day party isn't bad,
When the weather is warm and sunny.

Oh, all of them are well enough;
But the day that is best worth living,
Is when we all go to grandmamma's,
To a splendid, big Thanksgiving!

—*Emma C. Dowd*

The Little Fiend.

"You must feel some satisfaction in eating the turkey that chased you around the yard a week ago," said the minister. "He was a very saucy bird when alive, wasn't he?"

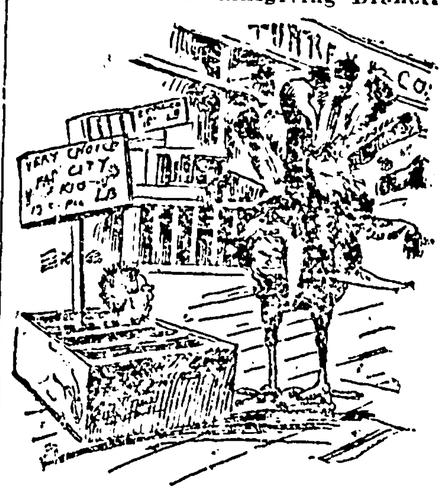
"Yes," replied little Johnnie, "and ma said when you got through there would be nothing left but the cranberry sauce."

Too Honest to Succeed.

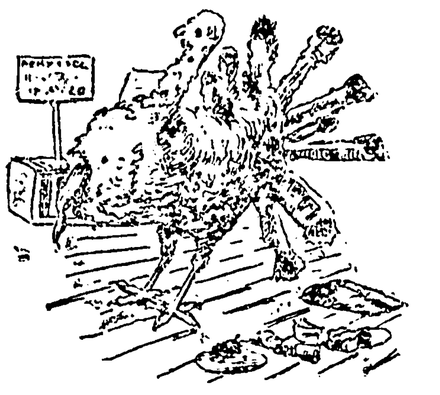
"What kind of bread do you like best," asked a kind-hearted old lady, who was getting something for the tramp's Thanksgiving.

"The bread of idleness, mum."

The Turk's Thanksgiving Dinner.



Tommy and the Turk.



The Turk and Tommy.

Thanksgiving Pulpits.

There were three public occasions in the course of the year upon which the New England clergy used to feel warranted in preaching politics; these were Fast Day, "Election Day"—which meant the day on which a new Governor was inaugurated—and Thanksgiving Day. Few such occasions were allowed to pass unimproved. But the pews kept close watch of the pulpit, and more stories are told of those occasional sermons than of any others. Their humor is commonly apparent at a glance:

In Dr. Adams's book on "Thanksgiving," a good story is told of the Rev. Dr. Ely, of Connecticut. The good doctor is described as one of the most prudent, faithful, spiritual pastors of his time. In a season of great political excitement, it was reported by persons hostile to him that he had preached on political subjects in a neighboring parish. It was thought proper to trace the report to its source. The neighboring parish was visited, and the inquiry made: "Did Dr. Ely preach politics when here?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Well, sir, if he did not preach politics, he prayed politics."

"What did he say?"

"Say? He said: 'Though hand join in hand, yet the wicked shall not go unpunished.'"

Another story told by Dr. Adams can be referred to the thanksgiving pulpit with fullest confidence. There was once elected Governor of Massachusetts a certain worthy gentleman who had been voted for as a candidate year after year, but who had always before been defeated. Even when he was elected, he slipped in by the narrowest of all majorities. The minority no doubt felt that his administration was a dispensation, and were rather inclined to fasting than to giving thanks.

The custom prevailed, whenever the Governor issued his annual proclamation for Thanksgiving, of sending by the sheriff of the county a copy of the same, on a large hand bill, to be read from every pulpit, which document invariably closed—as proclamations in Massachusetts still do—after the signature of the Governor, with the exclamation: "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

On the year referred to the newly elected magistrate issued his proclamation in the usual form. It is said that a venerable clergyman of the old party laid the broad sheet over his reading desk, and after performing the professional duty of reciting it, with an ill disguised aversion, announced the official signature with an intonation feebly marked by posnts of interrogation and surprise:

"Marcus Morton, Governor? God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!!!"

Grouping of Animals.

The generally accepted terms of the various groups of animals and birds are as follows, according to an English authority: A herd of swine, a skulk of foxes, a pack of wolves, a drove of oxen or cattle, a sounder of hogs, a troop of monkeys, a pride of lions, a sleuth of bears, a band of horses, a herd of ponies, a covy of partridges, a nide of pheasants, a wisp of snipe, a school of whales, a shoal of herrings, a run of fish, a flight of doves, a muster of peacocks, a siege of herons, a building of rooks, a brood of grouse, swarm of bees, gnats, flies, etc., a stand of flowers, a watch of nightingales, a cast of hawks, a flock of geese, sheep, goats, etc., a bevy of girls, a galaxy of stars and a crowd of men or boys.

Timely Warning to Dyspeptics.

Do not stuff yourself with dressing,
Neither monkey with mince-pie,
For the turkey's ghost will haunt you
When in bed at night you lie.

A turkey on the table is worth two on a roost.

Don't count your turkey before it is carved, for it may go back on you.

THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was hung up high and dry
Betwixt these posts so fast.
But now I've grown so powerful weak
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging round my way
'Most every other night.
He hung upon my starboard side,
And she upon the other,
Till Susaan Smith became his bride,
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word:
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew, and grew, and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate:
For she was very fair to view
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time, a lover came,
Betokening my ruin,
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown-up baby wooin'.
They sprang upon me in the gleam,
And talked of moon and star.
They're married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No courting night or day—
I had no thought, I had no fear,
Bad luck would come my way.
But oh! this morning, save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted, grim and dark,
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor, with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bustle in the house the while,
Great Scott! What can it mean?
My hinges ache, my back is weak,
My pickets in a whirl;
I hear that awful doctor speak:
It is another girl.

—*Denver Tribune*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Drawing materials—Porous plasters.

Half a loaf is better than no vacation at all.

The waiter girl is different from a poet. She is not born: she is made to order.—*Washington Capital.*

Some young men find it hard to propose. Others find it a great deal harder not to.—*Somerville Journal.*

He (singing softly)—"Oh, would I were a bird!" She (absent-minded—"Oh, would I were a gun."

Visitor—"I suppose you can raise almost everything on your farm, Mr. Cobb?" Farmer—"Yes; everything but the mortgage."—*Life.*

Father—"Bobby, what are you howling about? Nothing howls in that manner without reason." Bobby—"How about the wind?"—*Binghamton Herald.*

Only a brindle switch.
Hung on the back of a chair,
But not for $100
Would she go out and leave it there.
—*Dansville Breeze.*

In Siam it is death to mention the King's name. As the name is generally a mile long and the people are lazy not many incur the penalty.—*San Francisco Alta.*

If any one really wants a good suggestion for a suitable frame for pictures in the rogues' gallery, we have no objection to saying that gilt would be most appropriate.—*Bazar.*

A Newburyport bank cashier has been bitten by a mad dog. The friends of the dog ask a suspension of public opinion until the bank's accounts can be investigated.—*Puck.*

Yabsley—"What has become of old man Figg? I never hear of him any more. Is he dead?" Wickwire—"No, not exactly. His wife is keeping boarders."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"If I were an oyster," sighed the crab,
"I wouldn't know what to do.
For they're most always being embroiled,
Or getting into a stew."
—*New York Herald.*

Towne—"That's too bad about Dingley, isn't it?" Browne—"How? What's that?" Towne—"Joined the silent majority." Browne—"What! Dead?" Towne—"No, married."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Husband—"I can't seem to decide whether or not to put a pitch roof on our new house." Wife—"Why don't you use tar. It would answer the same purpose, I should think, and would be ever so much nicer."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Alice—"I've just been reading a newspaper discussion on 'When Women Should Marry.' Miss Elder, when do you think a girl should marry?" Miss Elder (emphatically)—"Just as soon as she has a proposal."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Damp Spot.

The weeping tree is situated about one mile east of Howe, Texas, in a cow lot owned by Rube Harrold. This phenomenon commenced three years ago, and it has been actually raining under the tree incessantly ever since. In cloudy weather there is always a heavy mist falling from the tree, but in hot, dry, sunshiny weather large drops come down which would soon wet one's clothing through and through. The tree has always been a profuse bearer of leaves until this spring, when it did not bud out at all, and now has every appearance of being dead, although the rain, or whatever one may please to call it, continues to fall from the branches as usual.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

PHOSPHATE FOR GRASS LANDS.

Grass is of the same order of plants as is wheat, and it is therefore only natural that what helps the grain should benefit it also. Old pastures that have run down so that the grass is thin may be greatly helped by harrowing just as fall rains begin, sowing timothy seed, and with it a dressing of 200 pounds of phosphate. Not only will the grass next season be more abundant, but stock will eat it more closely, showing that it is richer in nutrition than that grown before being fertilized. Grass grown by the aid of fresh barnyard manure may be rank and offensive, while that grown with bone or any mineral fertilizer is palatable to stock, especially to milch cows, which use much bone material in making good milk.—*American Cultivator.*

RESTRICTION ASSURES SUCCESS.

The *Orchard and Garden* credits the late E. P. Roe with the following sensible remarks: "The secret of success in small fruit culture might be found in two words—stimulation and restriction. By stimulation he meant a thoroughly pulverized and enriched soil. This is especially essential to the strawberry, the foreign raspberry, and all the currants. A rampart growing raspberry like the Cuthbert or Turner, and our vigorous blackberries, do not require stimulation, but they do restriction. By restriction he meant the development of fruit rather than wood or vines. Set out a strawberry plant in very rich, deep, moist soil, and its tendency is to follow the great law of nature and propagate itself; but to the degree that it makes plants it cannot make fruit. Cut off every runner and enormous fruit buds are developed. The sap is dammed up as a miller restricts a stream, and the result is strawberries that are double in size and quantity. This is equally true with raspberries. Currant bushes crowded with wood bear but little fruit."

MOLE CATCHING.

The presence of moles, says the *Mark Lane* express, is generally regarded as indicative of good soil: yet the farmer's first object on acquiring such soil is to get rid of them. They are destructive to drains, and deadly enemies to the common earthworm, which Darwin has appraised at high value as a medium of fertilization in the soil. Indeed, their food consists mainly of the common earthworm, though other insects such as maggots, which fall into their tunnel are readily devoured. These latter no person will grudge them, but they work irreparable havoc to crops. They usually inhabit strong, good land. It is contended by some people that they assist in the work of aeration, so necessary for the successful management of land. Doubtless they open up the soil, but, unless when digging well down in pursuit of grub—and then they interfere with the drains—diverting the water—they should by all means be kept down, and if possible, stamped out.

This subject has been suggested to us by a query from a correspondent: "How can I best get rid of the mole?" There are various systems of mole catching. Traps of various kinds are used. The wire tray has been in vogue for well nigh thirty years, and is an effectual method if care is taken to use it in a proper part of a fresh tunnel. In some instances the wire trap, however, has been thrown aside—superseded by the use of poisoned worms. This system is held by its advocates to be equally as sure as trapping, while it is lighter work. Either of these methods in the hands of a skillful mole-catcher will effect a complete eradication of the little foe, but the mole-pest is not now so prevalent throughout the country as it has been earlier in the century.

UNDUE HASTE IN FATTENING.

Make haste slowly is a good rule to apply generally. Animals that have been summered on grass will not bear profitably, to be pushed on grain feed during the fall, as haste in this direction disturbs digestion. Under the action of the laws of nature things are, many times, made to afford rest to follow an undue exertion of a given part, or of the whole body. Under this law, the appetite is taken away when over-feeding has been practised, that compensation, through rest of the digestive organs, may occur. Disgust of food always follows overfeeding; yet it is theorizing falsely to say that if the beast gets too much food, it will reduce the amount taken, voluntarily, when surfeited, because deranged digestion follows at once upon excessive feeding, and then what follows? Nothing less than an interruption of nutrition, the body shrinking. This shrinkage can only come from disordered action—a disease in itself. This must be recovered from before nutrition can be resumed, and during this time we suffer a double loss, namely through the shrinkage, in the first place, and through delay from deranged digestion, in the second place.

There is still another reason why damage may follow indiscreet feeding. Fermentation from indigestion may, to a greater extent than we are aware of, damage the meat of the fattening beast. This damage may happen to its keeping qualities as well as to its flavor. Nothing can be more reasonable than that it should happen to both. It is a popular and doubtless a well founded belief that the flavor of the growing animal's flesh is modified by the food that goes in at the mouth. We know this to follow the feeding of oil cake to the fattening steer. Certain articles of food, notably milk and butter, are tainted by near approach to certain vegetables, as well as by being in proximity to decaying or noxious substances of any kind.

The absence of tests in this direction may rightfully be termed an oversight, for the perfection of meats has not yet been fully accomplished—is in fact one of the things least discriminated upon, and receives less attention than is given to any other kind of food in use. Therefore, we deduce from the hints given, that the fall feeding should be commenced with care and moderation; the limit always being inside of the possibilities of the digestive powers of the fattening beasts. Dainty rations at first, carefully added to as the powers of digestion are developed by use.—*Prairie Farmer.*

STARTING A POULTRY YARD.

This is a good time of the year for beginners in the business to commence keeping poultry. A correspondent of the *Orange Judd Farmer* has written the following hints for beginners. He says:

Let me here indicate in brief, from my own experience and observation, what you ought to do for success with poultry:

Never set your hens with the laying fowls. I have done this and suffered loss by it. Sitting hens should be kept quiet; no one should go near them but the attendant.

One cock is sufficient for the same flock of hens. I usually give one to ten hens.

Keep an egg record. Be accurate in this. Keep an account of profit and loss: this will help you in many ways.

Have a warm, dry house facing south. Be particular about this in our climate.

Always isolate a sick fowl. A mistake here often destroys the whole flock.

Do not overfeed your birds. Feed just what they will use up without waste. Fat hens are poor layers. Too high feeding renders the digestive organs weak and induces disease more than anything else.

Do not change blood too frequently. It will run your hens out to do so every year. You can improve your stock in this way: Each season pick out say five of your best pullets and one cockerel and breed from these. Next year take the same plan. After doing this three years you can change the blood by buying a pure breed cock from some reliable breeder. Never mind if you pay a good price, as the dearest is the cheapest in the end. This is my experience.

See that your hens have a good run, so that they can take enough exercise. Idleness leads to mischief in the case of hens, as in the case of a higher class of bipeds.

Never breed from hens over three years old, as the stock in such cases is usually weak. Make up your breeding pens early in the season.

My experience with Leghorns has taught me that chickens hatched in April or May do the best, as they grow rapidly. You don't want "Asiatics" so early, as they feather slowly. May, and even June, will do for them in this climate.

You, as a beginner, may now be inclined to say: "This is too much work." Let me, from an experience of twelve years, state the simple fact: That success in poultry-raising depends largely on these seemingly trifling details. Every little detail tells in the result desired.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Whitewash is good for tree trunks.

Halter break the colts while young.

A poor tree is better than an open field.

A healthy sow that is suckling a litter of pigs is a ravenous eater.

Stock like salt now as well as in summer. See that they have it.

The celery crop, especially that on low land, has suffered this year from too much water.

Carnations make good winter growers. They should be planted firmly in good light soil.

Easier for you and better for the tree to use your thumb in summer on supernumerary shoots than to use the knife next spring.

Medium-sized varieties of corn, especially with short-jointed stalks, are better either for dry fodder or ensilage than the average, coarse, tall-growing varieties.

No farm is complete without a good house to store the implements in, and no farmer understands his business that does not store his implements when they are not in use.

No variety of corn should be used for ensilage that will not mature in ample time to be gathered into the silo before there is danger of frost. Plant so thin that considerable grain will mature.

Keep the house surroundings, stable and sheds clean as well as the house itself, then will the numerous brood of summer ills be diminished greatly and the comforts of home as greatly increased.

If you wish to breed hens alone for eggs, select one or more breeds that will lay the greatest amount of eggs under all circumstances. If your market demands a dark-colored egg, select the fowl that lays that kind, and vice versa.

The idea, too often entertained, that judges at fairs award premiums because of personal favor, has very little foundation in fact, for all managers of fairs want favors bestowed because of merit, and will not accept judges of doubtful integrity.

Wood ashes even if dry should not be used for a dust bath. Road dirt, plaster or sifted coal ashes with a small quantity of air slaked lime will be much better than wood ashes. It will be found a very valuable aid for the fowls to rid themselves of lice.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

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Thats.

He said that that that that man said was that that that one should say; but that that that that man said was that that that that man should not say. That reminds us of the following "says" and "saids": Mr. B., did you say or did you not say what I said? Because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

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THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was hung up high and dry
Betwixt these posts so fast.
But now I've grown so powerful weak—
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging round my way
'Most every other night.
He hung upon my starboard side,
And she upon the other,
Till Susaan Smith became his bride,
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word:
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew, and grew, and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate:
For she was very fair to view.
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time, a lover came,
Betokening my ruin,
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown-up baby wooin'.
They sprang upon me in the gloam,
And talked of moon and star.
They're married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No courting night or day—
I had no thought, I had no fear,
Bad luck would come my way.
But oh! this morning, save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted, grim and dark,
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor, with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bustle in the house the while,
Great Scott! What can it mean?
My hinges ache, my back is weak,
My pickets in a whirl;
I hear that awful doctor speak:
It is another girl.

—*Denver Tribune*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Drawing materials—Porous plasters.

Half a loaf is better than no vacation at all.

The waiter girl is different from a poet. She is not born; she is made to order.—*Washington Capital.*

Some young men find it hard to propose. Others find it a great deal harder not to.—*Somerville Journal.*

He (singing softly)—"Oh, would I were a bird!" She (absent-minded—"Oh, would I were a gun."

Visitor—"I suppose you can raise almost everything on your farm, Mr. Cobb?" Farmer—"Yes; everything but the mortgage."—*Life.*

Father—"Bobby, what are you howling about? Nothing howls in that manner without reason." Bobby—"How about the wind?"—*Binghamton Herald.*

Only a brindle switch,
Hung on the back of a chair,
But not for $100
Would she go out and leave it there.
—*Dansville Breeze.*

In Siam it is death to mention the King's name. As the name is generally a mile long and the people are lazy not many incur the penalty.—*San Francisco Alta.*

If any one really wants a good suggestion for a suitable frame for pictures in the rogues' gallery, we have no objection to saying that gilt would be most appropriate.—*Bazar.*

A Newburyport bank cashier has been bitten by a mad dog. The friends of the dog ask a suspension of public opinion until the bank's accounts can be investigated.—*Puck.*

Yabsley—"What has become of old man Figg? I never hear of him any more. Is he dead?" Wickwire—"No, not exactly. His wife is keeping boarders."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"If I were an oyster," sighed the crab,
"I wouldn't know what to do.
For they're most always being embroiled,
Or getting into a stew."
—*New York Herald.*

Towne—"That's too bad about Dingley, isn't it?" Browne—"How? What's that?" Towne—"Joined the silent majority." Browne—"What! Dead?" Towne—"No, married."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Husband—"I can't seem to decide whether or not to put a pitch roof on our new house." Wife—"Why don't you use tar. It would answer the same purpose, I should think, and would be ever so much nicer."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Alice—"I've just been reading a newspaper discussion on 'When Women Should Marry.' Miss Elder, when do you think a girl should marry?" Miss Elder (emphatically)—"Just as soon as she has a proposal."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Damp Spot.

The weeping tree is situated about one mile east of Howe, Texas, in a cow lot owned by Rube Harrold. This phenomenon commenced three years ago, and it has been actually raining under the tree incessantly ever since. In cloudy weather there is always a heavy mist falling from the tree, but in hot, dry, sunshiny weather large drops come down which would soon wet one's clothing through and through. The tree has always been a profuse bearer of leaves until this spring, when it did not bud out at all, and now has every appearance of being dead, although the rain, or whatever one may please to call it, continues to fall from the branches as usual.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

PHOSPHATE FOR GRASS LANDS.

Grass is of the same order of plants as is wheat, and it is therefore only natural that what helps the grain should benefit it also. Old pastures that have run down so that the grass is thin may be greatly helped by harrowing just as fall rains begin, sowing timothy seed, and with it a dressing of 200 pounds of phosphate. Not only will the grass next season be more abundant, but stock will eat it more closely, showing that it is richer in nutrition than that grown before being fertilized. Grass grown by the aid of fresh barnyard manure may be rank and offensive, while that grown with bone or any mineral fertilizer is palatable to stock, especially to milch cows, which use much bone material in making good milk.—*American Cultivator.*

RESTRICTION ASSURES SUCCESS.

The *Orchard and Garden* credits the late E. P. Roe with the following sensible remarks: "The secret of success in small fruit culture might be found in two words—stimulation and restriction. By stimulation he meant a thoroughly pulverized and enriched soil. This is especially essential to the strawberry, the foreign raspberry, and all the currants. A rampart growing raspberry like the Cuthbert or Turner, and our vigorous blackberries, do not require stimulation, but they do restriction. By restriction he meant the development of fruit rather than wood or vines. Set out a strawberry plant in very rich, deep, moist soil, and its tendency is to follow the great law of nature and propagate itself; but to the degree that it makes plants it cannot make fruit. Cut off every runner and enormous fruit buds are developed. The sap is dammed up as a miller restricts a stream, and the result is strawberries that are double in size and quantity. This is equally true with raspberries. Currant bushes crowded with wood bear but little fruit."

MOLE CATCHING.

The presence of moles, says the *Mark Lane* express, is generally regarded as indicative of good soil; yet the farmer's first object on acquiring such soil is to get rid of them. They are destructive to drains, and deadly enemies to the common earthworm, which Darwin has appraised at high value as a medium of fertilization in the soil. Indeed, their food consists mainly of the common earthworm, though other insects such as maggots, which fall into their tunnel are readily devoured. These latter no person will grudge them, but they work irreparable havoc to crops. They usually inhabit strong, good land. It is contended by some people that they assist in the work of aeration, so necessary for the successful management of land. Doubtless they open up the soil, but, unless when digging well down in pursuit of grub—and then they interfere with the drains—diverting the water—they should by all means be kept down, and if possible, stamped out.

This subject has been suggested to us by a querry from a correspondent: "How can I best get rid of the mole?" There are various systems of mole catching. Traps of various kinds are used. The wire tray has been in vogue for well nigh thirty years, and is an effectual method if care is taken to use it in a proper part of a fresh tunnel. In some instances the wire trap, however, has been thrown aside—superseded by the use of poisoned worms. This system is held by its advocates to be equally as sure as trapping, while it is lighter work. Either of these methods in the hands of a skillful mole-catcher will effect a complete eradication of the little foe, but the mole-pest is not now so prevalent throughout the country as it has been earlier in the century.

UNDUE HASTE IN FATTENING.

Make haste slowly is a good rule to apply generally. Animals that have been summered on grass will not bear, profitably, to be pushed on grain feed during the fall, as haste in this direction disturbs digestion. Under the action of the laws of nature things are, many times, made to afford rest to follow an undue exertion of a given part, or of the whole body. Under this law, the appetite is taken away when over-feeding has been practised, that compensation, through rest of the digestive organs, may occur. Disgust of food always follows overfeeding; yet it is theorizing falsely to say that if the beast gets too much food, it will reduce the amount taken, voluntarily, when surfeited, because deranged digestion follows at once upon excessive feeding, and then what follows? Nothing less than an interruption of nutrition, the body shrinking. This shrinkage can only come from disordered action—a disease in itself. This must be recovered from before nutrition can be resumed, and during this time we suffer a double loss, namely through the shrinkage, in the first place, and through delay from deranged digestion, in the second place.

There is still another reason why damage may follow indiscreet feeding. Fermentation from indigestion may, to a greater extent than we are aware of, damage the meat of the fattening beast. This damage may happen to its keeping qualities as well as to its flavor. Nothing can be more reasonable than that it should happen to both. It is a popular and doubtless a well founded belief that the flavor of the growing animal's flesh is modified by the food that goes in at the mouth. We know this to follow the feeding of oil cake to the fattening steer. Certain articles of food, notably milk and butter, are tainted by near approach to certain vegetables, as well as by being in proximity to decaying or noxious substances of any kind.

The absence of tests in this direction may rightfully be termed an oversight, for the perfection of meats has not yet been fully accomplished—is in fact one of the things least discriminated upon, and receives less attention than is given to any other kind of food in use. Therefore, we deduce from the hints given, that the fall feeding should be commenced with care and moderation; the limit always being inside of the possibilities of the digestive powers of the fattening beasts. Dainty rations at first, carefully added to as the powers of digestion are developed by use.—*Prairie Farmer.*

STARTING A POULTRY YARD.

This is a good time of the year for beginners in the business to commence keeping poultry. A correspondent of the *Orange Judd Farmer* has written the following hints for beginners. He says:

Let me here indicate in brief, from my own experience and observation, what you ought to do for success with poultry:

Never set your hens with the laying fowls. I have done this and suffered loss by it. Sitting hens should be kept quiet; no one should go near them but the attendant.

One cock is sufficient for the same flock of hens. I usually give one to ten hens.

Keep an egg record. Be accurate in this. Keep an account of profit and loss: this will help you in many ways.

Have a warm, dry house facing south. Be particular about this in our climate.

Always isolate a sick fowl. A mistake here often destroys the whole flock.

Do not overfeed your birds. Feed just what they will use up without waste. Fat hens are poor layers. Too high feeding renders the digestive organs weak and induces disease more than anything else.

Do not change blood too frequently. It will run your hens out to do so every year. You can improve your stock in this way: Each season pick out say five of your best pullets and one cockerel and breed from these. Next year take the same plan. After doing this three years you can change the blood by buying a pure breed cock from some reliable breeder. Never mind if you pay a good price, as the dearest is the cheapest in the end. This is my experience.

See that your hens have a good run, so that they can take enough exercise. Idleness leads to mischief in the case of hens, as in the case of a higher class of bipeds.

Never breed from hens over three years old, as the stock in such cases is usually weak. Make up your breeding pens early in the season.

My experience with Leghorns has taught me that chickens hatched in April or May do the best, as they grow rapidly. You don't want "Asiatics" so early, as they feather slowly. May, and even June, will do for them in this climate.

You, as a beginner, may now be inclined to say: "This is too much work." Let me, from an experience of twelve years, state the simple fact: That success in poultry-raising depends largely on these seemingly trifling details. Every little detail tells in the result desired.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Whitewash is good for tree trunks.

Halter break the colts while young.

A poor tree is better than an open field.

A healthy sow that is suckling a litter of pigs is a ravenous eater.

Stock like salt now as well as in summer. See that they have it.

The celery crop, especially that on low land, has suffered this year from too much water.

Carnations make good winter growers. They should be planted firmly in good light soil.

Easier for you and better for the tree to use your thumb in summer on supernumerary shoots than to use the knife next spring.

Medium-sized varieties of corn, especially with short-jointed stalks, are better either for dry fodder or ensilage than the average, coarse, tall-growing varieties.

No farm is complete without a good house to store the implements in, and no farmer understands his business that does not store his implements when they are not in use.

No variety of corn should be used for ensilage that will not mature in ample time to be gathered into the silo before there is danger of frost. Plant so thin that considerable grain will mature.

Keep the house surroundings, stable and sheds clean as well as the house itself, then will the numerous brood of summer ills be diminished greatly and the comforts of home as greatly increased.

If you wish to breed hens alone for eggs, select one or more breeds that will lay the greatest amount of eggs under all circumstances. If your market demands a dark-colored egg, select the fowl that lays that kind, and vice versa.

The idea, too often entertained, that judges at fairs award premiums because of personal favor, has very little foundation in fact, for all managers of fairs want favors bestowed because of merit, and will not accept judges of doubtful integrity.

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He said that that that-that man said was that that that one should say; but that that that that man said was that that that man should not say. That reminds us of the following "says" and "saids": Mr. B., did you say or did you not say what I said? Because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

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DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

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Are, without exception, unsurpassed in point of COMFORT, BEAUTY, DURABILITY, FINISH and CORRECT SHAPE, and are WARRANTED to be as represented in every instance. Energetic and reliable LADY AGENTS WANTED in every town and county, to whom we offer the EXCLUSIVE AGENCY for our corsets, and the most liberal inducements. Write for terms at once. Agents clear from $25 to $75 weekly. $3 sample corset free to agents. Terms and instructions free.

LEWIS SCHIELE & CO.
380 Broadway, N.Y.

FIRST-CLASS
Blacksmith Stand and Dwelling House
FOR SALE OR RENT!

The undersigned offers his desirable Blacksmith Stand and Dwelling House, situate on High street, in the Borough of New Oxford, for sale or rent. For further particulars call on or address J. S. WEAVER, New Oxford, Pa.

Auctioneering.

George L. Colestock

Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. P. O. address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

SPECIAL BARGAINS
—IN—
RUBBER BOOTS!

The best Boston rubber boots for men at $2.70, for boys at $2.25. Every pair guaranteed. D. MYERS, Reliable Shoe Dealer, Hanover, Pa.

Important Notice.

All persons having in their possession any Beer, Pop or Ginger Ale Bottles or Beer Cases belonging to the undersigned, are hereby notified to return them within the next thirty days or they will be dealt with according to law. A record has been kept of their whereabouts, and a failure to comply with this notice on the part of those having either Bottles or Beer Cases, will be followed by a suit for their recovery. AMBROSE SCHMIDT, Bottler,
122 Abbottstown street, Hanover, Pa.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that all the personal property now in possession of JOHN C. CASHMAN, living in Hamilton township Adams Co., Pa., (on Myers Heirs' farm,) has been purchased and paid for by the undersigned, who is the exclusive owner of the same, as well as the undivided half of growing crop of grain, &c., and all persons are hereby notified not to deal for the same in any way.
CLINTON A. CASHMAN.

MARBLE YARD.

E. G. LOUGH,

Opposite the German Reformed Church,

NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 23apr86-1y.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

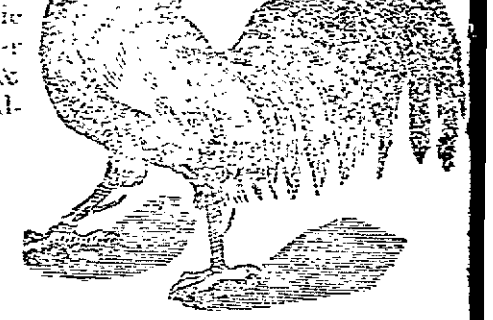
The Centaur Company, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Great Overcoat Sale!

350 OVERCOATS
FOR MEN AND BOYS
at one-half their original price.

Call on
D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.
Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, Pa.

VICTORY!



Now, at first glance you may think our rooster is crowing over the recent Democratic victories, but he isn't. He is crowing over the big stock of Overcoats that Sheely & Bro. are selling at very low prices, considering the style and quality.

Call to see them at

THE LEADING OVERCOAT STORE,

Miller's Building, New Oxford.

GITT'S OLD RELIABLE CORNER.

Special Inducements in
DRESS GOODS.

4-4 double width Tricot Cloth, all wool, at 21 cents a yard. 36-inch French Finish Tricot Cloth, all wool, at 45 cents a yard. 4-4 double width Plaids and Stripes, cloth at 25 cents a yard. 36 inch French Finish Plaids and Stripes, cloth, at 50 cents a yard. CASHMERES and HENRIETTAS in all colors and prices from 25c. a yard up to $1.00. BLACK GOODS, Cashmeres, Henriettas and Tricot Cloth. We have the most complete line of Black Goods that can be found anywhere, and will sell them at bottom prices. BLANKETS. Special Job Lot of only 100 pair. We will sell you a good pair of Gray Blankets, that will weigh two pounds, for the small sum of 75 cents a pair. CARPETS, we have the largest stock of Home-made Carpets to select from in Hanover. If you wish to buy a cheap and good Carpet, do not fail to call and examine our stock, for we are sure that we can suit you in pride and style. We also carry a large stock of BRUSSELS AND INGRAIN CARPETS, MATTINGS AND OIL-CLOTHS.

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WINTER RESORTS. TEXAS AND MEXICO IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

Mild Climate, Summer Breezes, pure Air, Ancient Ruins, Grand Scenery. LESS THAN 4 DAYS St. Louis to City of Mexico via

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HERE WE ARE

To again give the people of Hanover and vicinity some good Bargains in Boots and Shoes for ladies, men, boys and children.

$1 will buy a pair of ladies' fine kid button shoes, all solid leather.

$1 will secure you a pair of ladies' grain button shoes.

$1.25 This is our regular $1.75 ladies' pebble grain button shoe.

$1.50 To surprise the town, a Dongola pat. leather tip but. shoe.

$1.75 will buy for you a fine Dongola button shoe, worth $2.50.

$2 A hand welt fine Dongola button shoe worth $3.00.

Next comes our strictly hand made ladies' button shoes from $2.50 to $5, all big bargains, and can't be bought anywhere else for that money.

Men's best Boston Rubber Boots at $2.70. Boys' best Boston rubber boots at $2.25. Every pair guaranteed. Rubbers of all description at lowest prices.

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ANDREW I. SMITH'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Andrew I. Smith, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MRS. JOSEPHINE C. SMITH.
EMANUEL SMITH.

FRESH OYSTERS
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

A big lot of fine
Aspinwall Bananas
at the Red Front Grocery.

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA
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—GRAIN AND—
PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c., &c.;
also the best brands of

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AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a trial. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. FREE DELIVERY anywhere in the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday noon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.

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All persons having in their possession any Beer, Pop or Ginger Ale Bottles or Beer Cases belonging to the undersigned, are hereby notified to return them within the next thirty days or they will be dealt with according to law. A record has been kept of their whereabouts, and a failure to comply with this notice on the part of those having either Bottles or Beer Cases, will be followed by a suit for their recovery. AMBROSE SCHMIDT, Bottler.
122 Abbottstown Street, Hanover, Pa.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that all the personal property now in possession of JOHN C. CASHMAN, living in Hamilton township Adams Co., Pa., (on Myers Heirs' farm,) has been purchased and paid for by the undersigned, who is the exclusive owner of the same, as well as the undivided half of growing crop of grain, &c., and all persons are hereby notified not to deal for the same in any way
CLINTON A. CASHMAN.

MARBLE YARD.
E. G. LOUGH,
Opposite the German Reformed Church,
NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 23apr89-1y.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Great Overcoat Sale!

350 OVERCOATS
FOR MEN AND BOYS
at one-half their original price.

Call on
D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.
Andrew Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HANOVER, PA.

VICTORY!

Now, at first glance you may think our rooster is crowing over the recent Democratic victories, but he isn't. He is crowing over the big stock of Overcoats that Sheely & Bro. are selling at very low prices, considering the style and quality.
Call to see them at
THE LEADING OVERCOAT STORE,
Miller's Building, New Oxford.

GITT'S OLD RELIABLE CORNER.
Special Inducements in
DRESS GOODS.

4-4 double width Tricot Cloth, all wool, at 21 cents a yard. 36 inch French Finish Tricot Cloth, all wool, at 45 cents a yard. 4-4 double width Plaids and Stripes, cloth at 25 cents a yard. 36 inch French Finish Plaids and Stripes, cloth, at 50 cents a yard. CASHMERES and HENRIETTAS in all colors and prices from 25c. a yard up to $1.00. BLACK GOODS, Cashmeres, Henriettas and Tricot Cloth. We have the most complete line of Black Goods that can be found anywhere, and will sell them at bottom prices. BLANKETS, Special Job Lot of only 100 pair. We will sell you a good pair of Gray Blankets, that will weigh two pounds, for the small sum of 75 cents a pair. CARPETS, we have the largest stock of Homemade Carpets to select from in Hanover. If you wish to buy a cheap and good Carpet, do not fail to call and examine our stock, for we are sure that we can suit you in price and style. We also carry a large stock of BRUSSELS AND INGRAIN CARPETS, MATTINGS AND OIL CLOTHS.

G. W. & H. N. GITT,
HANOVER, PA.

WINTER TOURIST RESORTS
TEXAS AND MEXICO
IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.
Mild Climate, Summer Breezes, pure Air, Ancient Ruins, Grand Scenery. LESS THAN 2 DAYS ST. LOUIS to the CITY OF MEXICO via
Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars with only one change via Laredo, Eagle Pass or El Paso. Winter Tourist Tickets at very low rates for sale at all Principal Coupon Stations in U. S. and Canada with privilege of visiting the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.
H. C. TOWNSEND, G.P.&T.AGT., ST. LOUIS, MO.

HERE WE ARE

To again give the people of Hanover and vicinity some good Bargains in Boots and Shoes for ladies, men, boys and children.

$1 will buy a pair of ladies' fine kid button shoes, all solid leather.
$1 will secure you a pair of ladies' grain button shoes.
$1.25 This is our regular $1.75 ladies' pebble grain button shoe.
$1.50 To surprise the town, a Dongola pat. leather tip but. shoe.
$1.75 will buy for you a fine Dongola button shoe, worth $2.50.
$2 A hand welt fine Dongola button shoe worth $3.00.

Next comes our strictly hand made ladies' button shoes from $2.50 to $5, all big bargains, and can't be bought anywhere else for that money.

Men's best Boston Rubber Boots at $2.70. Boys' best Boston rubber boots at $2.25. Every pair guaranteed. Rubbers of all description at lowest prices.

D. MYERS,
At And'w Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand
Broadway, Hanover, Pa.

NOTICE.

ANDREW I. SMITH'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Andrew I. Smith, late of Mount Pleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same township, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
MRS. JOSEPHINE C. SMITH,
EMANUEL SMITH,

FRESH OYSTERS
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

A big lot of fine
Aspinwall Bananas
at the Red Front Grocery.

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA
ICE CREAM
at the Red Front Grocery
to-morrow evening.

—GRAIN AND—
PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick Warehouse on Hanover Street, New Oxford Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as
Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c., &c.;
also the best brands of
Roller & Country Flour,
AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.
Sellers and Buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a trial. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. FREE DELIVERY anywhere in the borough. Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday noon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will receive prompt attention
Z. H. CASHMAN.

We do job work of all kinds cheap and at the shortest notice.

The New Oxford Item.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. J. SMITH.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest lable or card to the largest hand-bill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery.

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Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

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On Monday night thieves made a raid on Mrs. Linn's premises about half a mile north of Emmitsburg, broke into the cellar and carried off about half of a beef that had recently been salted away, and also took ten fine turkeys. We have not heard of any clue to the thieves.—Chronicle.

Col. John B. Bachelder spent several days at Gettysburg last week, inspecting and examining the rebel lines. He will push his project to open up this whole line, before the incoming Congress, with fair prospects of success. The several lines of the rebel army make a total length of 23 miles.

The great question of the day is, "When will this weather end?" For over a year now this section of our country has had an unusual amount of wet weather without any sign of abatement. If there is not a change soon we will petition Harrison to remove the present clerk of the weather.

Judge McClean goes to Williamsport next Monday, to assist Judge Metzger in the court week of Lycoming county. This is under the act of March 24, 1887. One Judge will hold the Quarter Sessions and the other sit in the Common Pleas at the same time.

Just before the sale of Mrs. Mary I. Fissel's personal property, on Hanover St., Saturday, Dec. 7th, there will be sold at her residence two double heaters and a lot of pipe, formerly used in the Lutheran church, but which became useless to the church because of furnaces being put in the same recently.

Sunday evening, as Jacob Ramer was walking out Baltimore street, and when opposite the alley north of Mr. Hugh D. Scott's residence, a man rushed out and attempted to choke him, at the same time reaching for his watch. Mr. Ramer successfully resisted his assailant, who ran down the alley followed by a woman who was with him.—Star.

Dr. E. W. Cashman, of York Springs, whilst making a call in the country, on Saturday night, in turning the corner at Deardorff's mill, struck a rail and upset his dog cart. The horse made off and the Dr. had his head cut and an arm bruised. The horse was found a mile and a half away, with a slight cut in a front leg.

A YANKEE SHERIFF FRIGHTENED.—A well known sheriff who lives in Maine, had been given up to die with what his physician called consumption, a friend advised the sheriff to try Puritan cough and consumption cure, recovery soon followed, much to the surprise of the doctor, who now precribes it for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents, at Barnitz's drug store.

Mr. Jacob Slotenower, of Mountpleasant township, killed two hogs last week one of which weighed 485 lbs, and the other 383 lbs.

Coffee has gone up higher and sugar also is high. The average has this recourse left: He can abandon the use of both, with benefit alike to his health and to his pocket. Milk is an excellent substitute for coffee, and those who have not abundance of the lacted fluid can drink water, the best of all beverages, brewed by heaven itself in the alembic of the skies for for the use of man. Why should he want anything else?

The Chambersburg Valley Spirit says: "The engineers now employed in making a survey for a Western Maryland connection with the west have got a little beyond Orrstown. Their line starts at the Waddell farm between Southampton station and Shippensburg, runs westward to Herr's mill and then along the south side of the Conodoguinett, crossing that stream near the stone bridge west of Orrstown. The engineers are heading for Roxbury Gap."

Tuesday the properties of H. J. Myers, in this place, were offered by the assignee, J. C. Neely, Esq., but only one, a small house and lot on Church street, was sold, bringing $250; Mrs. Harriet Hoffheins being the purchaser. Wednesday the farm in Straban township was offered, but was also not sold. Yesterday the personal property was sold, bringing fair prices.

The annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture will be held at Harrisburg on the 22d and 23d of January, and several sessions will be devoted to Roads, Road Construction, Road Repairs and Road Laws. Farmers' Clubs, Granges, and other agricultural organizations are invited to send delegates. Secretary Edge has arranged that all attending the meeting, whether as delegates or in an individual capacity, shall receive the same deduction in railroad fare and board as are accorded in members of the State Board of Agriculture. All present are expected to participate in the discussions.

The State Board of Agriculture has appropriated $150 for two Farmers' Institutes in Adams county. The first will be held in the court house at Gettysburg, probably near the close of December, and the other at Bendersville later on.

York county is to have the same appropriation for two institutes. Committees have been appointed to arrange business and programmes.

Mr. Horace J. Smith is pushing his project to have the United States issue postage stamp saving postal cards, which may be used to transfer small sums by mail or for the simple purpose of saving. The postage stamps affixed to the inside, if undefaced, are to be redeemable in cash at any post office, or if sent by mail the money they represent is to be refunded to the person to whom the card is addressed. Mr. Smith has brought the proposed system to the attention of Postmaster-General Wanamaker, and has also had issued petitions to Congress for the passage of required legislation, which petitions are circulated for signatures. The project appears to be a safe and simple way of effecting the purpose named.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Beck, of Spring Grove, was visiting friends in this place, last week.

Mrs. Basil P. Fink, of Littlestown, spent last week with her father, Mr. P. J. Noel, of Hanover street.

Mr D. M. Pottorff, of Granite Hill, is visting friends at Spring Grove.

Mr. E. F. Myers and wife, of Delta, York county, spent a few days with their parunts, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Myers, Philadelphia street.

What the Goose-Bone Says.

The true bone is the sharp blade from the breast of a goose that was hatched in Spring and has a trace of wild blood. A row of dots around the keel of the bone forecast the weather. The darker these spots the colder the weather will be. Contrary to corn husk lore, the goose-bone says there will be a very mild winter. There will not be many days in which running water will freeze. The coldest weather will come the latter half of January, and the coldest day of all will be January 27th. The January thaw will come in February, and there will be disastrous floods and dam bursting and the fiend to pay generally. After that we shall have an early Spring. We ought to.—Ex.

A Christmas gift—The ITEM.

Court Doings.

The Common Pleas list was finished on Tuesday evening and court adjourned until Saturday. In the case of Elias Donnelly, administrator, vs. John A. Gardner, the jury rendered a verdict for plaintiff for $354 57.

The only other case tried was Jennie Bosserman vs. John H. Resser. Appeal from docket of John L. Hill, jr., Esq. The parties to the suit were divorced in June last, and in July plaintiff made demand of defendant for certain personal property which she claimed belonged to her and was in his possession. The property claimed consisted of two shoats, a dozen chickens, 12 crocks, 30 pounds of lard, &c., amounting in value to $32.50. Defendant alleged all the eatables were used during their married life, and that none of the property was in his possession at the time of the demand. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff of $1.08, made up of thirty cents for crocks, two chickens seventy-five cents, and three cents interest.

John V. Eckenrode vs. John M. Fisher and Ellen M. Fisher, his wife, an action of ejectment, was settled. The defendants, as joint tenants, owned a tract of land, partly in Maryland and partly in Mountjoy township, and plaintiff sold interest of John M. Fisher at Sheriff's sale and bought it in for $505. The defendant offered plaintiff $350 for a quit claim deed for his interest, and he accepted it.

Com. vs. Alfred Craig. Charge, furnishing intoxicating liquor to a person of known intemperate habits on information of E. M. Ziegler. Verdict guilty and defendant sentenced to fifteen days in jail and to pay a fine of $10

A rule having been granted on Reuben Altland, of Abbottstown, to show cause why his license should not be revoked, he, with consent of the party who had returned him, filed a paper setting out that he promised not to apply for a license in 1890 and that he would soberly conduct his business until the expiration of his present license in January 1890, whereupon the proceedings against him were ordered to be discontinued.

Andrew Brough and Harry Cashman were discharged as the administrators of the estate of John Cashman, deceased.

Cyrus G. Beales and B. W. Zeigler were discharged as executors of will of Thomas D. Reed, deceased.

Adam Ertter was discharged as guardian of Mary E. and Emma C. Hoffman.

Hanson Diehl filed his resignation as supervisor of Cumberland township, on account of removing from the township.

The return of election for new township out of Tyrone and Huntington townships was handed to the court. There were 64 votes for the new township and 268 against it. This ends the proceedings.

Jacob A. March was discharged as the assignee of J. H. Bohn.

The grand jury having made a verbal presentment that Mervin Albert, a young son of Hiram Albert, of Latimore township, was implicated in the larceny of some turkeys, a hearing was held on Saturday morning The testimony showing that the father had deserted his wife and children, that the boy Mervin, not yet 14 years of age, was vicious and uncontrolled by his mother, and that the mother did not exercise the proper care and discipline over her child, he was sent to the House of Refuge at Philadelphia.

The Court imposed sentences in the following cases:

Com. vs. John M. Myers. Defendant having plead guilty to the larceny of a turkey was sentenced to 30 days in jail, and at the expiration of his sentence to enter into recognizance to depart the county for the space of 3 years.

Com. vs. Edward Jones. Defendant having plead guilty of assault and battery on Wm. H. Glass, and being an old offender, was sentenced to enter into security in the sum of $300 to keep the peace and be of good behavior for a period of five years and stand committed until the sentence was complied with.

Charles Craft, who in 2886 entered into recognizance to depart the county and not return for a period of three years, was recently arrested in Mountjoy township. Upon being brought into court the court directed that he give security in $300 to keep the peace and be of good behavior for a period of two years, and stand committed until the sentence is complied with.

Jacob A. March, Elias Roth and J. A. Fickes appointed viewers to inspect iron bridge across Conewago creek at Dick's Fording in Reading township.

Same viewers to inspect wooden bridge over Conewago creek on road leading from Brown's mill to Abbottstown.

J. U. Neely, J. S. Witherow and J. W. Gelbach appointed viewers of road in Franklin township, from point on road leading from Mummasburg to the Gettysburg and Chambersburg turnpike at or near Van Dyke's school house, to a point on the Gettysburg and Chambersburg turnpike at or near Tobias Cover's in McKnightstown.

Soldier's peddler license was granted to James F. Woodward, of Gettysburg.

Sale of house and lot in New Oxford, by G. F. Smith, Administrator of estate of Joanna Felix, to Henry Stock for $1675, was confirmed.

Thieves Make Another Raid.

Monday night thieves affected an entrance into the residence of Mr. C. A. Diehl, Philadelphia street, by forcing open a back window. They were heard by Mrs. Diehl, and she, having no idea that robbers were at work, awakened her husband in a not very quiet manner, thus giving the robbers notice to make themselves scarce. They succeeded, however, in getting away with a fine shawl, some silverware, &c.

Mr. Diehl followed them as far as the stable on the premises, where he found that they had taken every precaution for a safe flight by opening doors, gates, &c. Mr. Diehl then awakened some neighbors, and together they made an examination of the premises, and found a bundle containing several shawls, some silverware, &c., that evidently was dropped out of the window, and left there until more booty could br secured, but forgotten in the hasty flight of the robbers. At the barn Mr. Diehl found that his tools—chisels, hammers, bars, &c., were arranged by the robbers, to be carried off, perhaps to be used in future operations.

Mr. Diehl says he intends getting out his old army musket and load it with buck-shot, so that he will be prepared to give them a better and warmer reception, should they visit him again. We think this would be a very good thing for all our citizens to do, (not after they have visited you, but now,) for when robbers enter private residences they are becoming bold and desperate, and rather than be known would not hesitate at murder. Therefore prepare yourselves.

From Bendersville.

Timothy, son of T. F. Day, living two miles north of town, met with quite a misfortune the other day while cutting wood at home. The axe slipped cutting his foot very badly which confines him to the house.

Some Mormon missionaries were prowling around this section a few days ago, it is reported by reliable parties. They visited a director of West Point school two miles above town, desiring to preach at that place, but without success.

W. H. Reid killed 3 large hogs last week weighing 383, 373 and 369 lbs. respectively.

Isaac Carbaugh, living above town, while out hunting a few nights ago, fell upon some stones cutting his knee in such a manner that fears are entertained of his losing the use of his knee.

J. H. Raffensperger put in position a hydraulic ram for Peter Schlosser which furnishes various parts of his house with water, also one for Saml Deardorf which furnishes water for all purposes at the house as well as to water the stock at the barn. The water is brought from Marsh creek a distance of 400 feet with 25 feet elevation, at the latter place.

From Fairfield.

Samuel Eiker has purchased from his father, John Eiker, 56 acres and 141 perches of land with buildings, for $2,800. This property has been in the Eiker name for nearly 90 years and is now in the hands of the fourth generation. He also gets a clock in the bargain that came from Germany and is about 100 years old.

George Watson while bringing one of his children from school, in crossing the creek the horse fell, throwing both into the creek, neither of them were hurt, but had rather a cool reception.

Samuel Smith who conveys passengers from the Station to Fairfield, while turning around had an upset on Friday last, throwing out three passengers, fortunately no one was hurt.

There has been quite a number of wild turkies shot in the mountain. J. C. Sites bagged two at one shot a few days ago.

—ALL KINDS OF—

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Mrs. F. E. Lehman, of Hellam twp., York county, was thrown from a spring wagon a few days ago and had her arm broken. The same day, near the same spot, David Fisher cut a terrible gash in his foot while chopping wood, and nearly bled to death.

ONLY A TRIAL NECESSARY to show you what Red Cloud Liver Berries will do for diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels. They cleanse the system effectually so that pure blood, refreshing sleep, health and strength, surely follow. Trial package free at all druggists.

On Monday night thieves made a raid on Mrs. Linn's premises about half a mile north of Emmitsburg, broke into the cellar and carried off about half of a beef that had recently been salted away, and also took ten fine turkeys. We have not heard of any clue to the thieves.—Chronicle.

Col. John B. Bachelder spent several days at Gettysburg last week, inspecting and examining the rebel lines. He will push his project to open up this whole line, before the incoming Congress, with fair prospects of success. The several lines of the rebel army make a total length of 23 miles.

The great question of the day is, "When will this weather end?" For over a year now this section of our country has had an unusual amount of wet weather without any sign of abatement. If there is not a change soon we will petition Harrison to remove the present clerk of the weather.

Judge McClean goes to Williamsport next Monday, to assist Judge Metzger in the court week of Lycoming county. This is under the act of March 24, 1887. One Judge will hold the Quarter Sessions and the other sit in the Common Pleas at the same time.

Just before the sale of Mrs. Mary I. Fissel's personal property, on Hanover St., Saturday, Dec. 7th, there will be sold at her residence two double heaters and a lot of pipe, formerly used in the Lutheran church, but which became useless to the church because of furnaces being put in the same recently.

Sunday evening, as Jacob Ramer was walking out Baltimore street, and when opposite the alley north of Mr. Hugh D. Scott's residence, a man rushed out and attempted to choke him, at the same time reaching for his watch. Mr. Ramer successfully resisted his assailant, who ran down the alley followed by a woman who was with him.—Star.

Dr. E. W. Cashman, of York Springs, whilst making a call in the country, on Saturday night, in turning the corner at Deardorff's mill, struck a rail and upset his dog cart. The horse made off and the Dr. had his head cut and an arm bruised. The horse was found a mile and a half away, with a slight cut in a front leg.

A YANKEE SHERIFF FRIGHTENED.—A well known sheriff who lives in Maine, had been given up to die with what his physician called consumption, a friend advised the sheriff to try Puritan cough and consumption cure, recovery soon followed, much to the surprise of the doctor, who now precribes it for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents, at Barnitz's drug store.

Mr. Jacob Slotehower, of Mountpleasant township, killed two hogs last week one of which weighed 485 lbs, and the other 383 lbs.

Coffee has gone up higher and sugar also is high. The average has this recourse left: He can abandon the use of both, with benefit alike to his health and to his pocket. Milk is an excellent substitute for coffee, and those who have not abundance of the lacteal fluid can drink water, the best of all beverages, brewed by heaven itself in the alembic of the skies for for the use of man. Why should he want anything else?

The Chambersburg Valley Spirit says: "The engineers now employed in making a survey for a Western Maryland connection with the west have got a little beyond Orrstown. Their line starts at the Waddell farm between Southampton station and Shippensburg, runs westward to Herr's mill and then along the south side of the Conodoguinett, crossing that stream near the stone bridge west of Orrstown. The engineers are heading for Roxbury Gap."

Tuesday the properties of H. J. Myers, in this place, were offered by the assignee, J. C. Neely, Esq., but only one, a small house and lot on Church street, was sold, bringing $250; Mrs. Harriet Hoffheins being the purchaser. Wednesday the farm in Straban township was offered, but was also not sold. Yesterday the personal property was sold, bringing fair prices.

The annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture will be held at Harrisburg on the 22d and 23d of January, and several sessions will be devoted to Roads, Road Construction, Road Repairs and Road Laws. Farmers' Clubs, Granges, and other agricultural organizations are invited to send delegates. Secretary Edge has arranged that all attending the meeting, whether as delegates or in an individual capacity, shall receive the same deduction in railroad fare and board as are accorded in members of the State Board of Agriculture. All present are expected to participate in the discussions.

The State Board of Agriculture has appropriated $150 for two Farmers' Institutes in Adams county. The first will be held in the court house at Gettysburg, probably near the close of December, and the other at Bendersville later on.

York county is to have the same appropriation for two institutes. Committees have been appointed to arrange business and programmes.

Mr. Horace J. Smith is pushing his project to have the United States issue postage stamp saving postal cards, which may be used to transfer small sums by mail or for the simple purpose of saving. The postage stamps affixed to the inside, if undefaced, are to be redeemable in cash at any post office, or if sent by mail the money they represent is to be refunded to the person to whom the card is addressed. Mr. Smith has brought the proposed system to the attention of Postmaster-General Wanamaker, and has also had issued petitions to Congress for the passage of required legislation, which petitions are circulated for signatures. The project appears to be a safe and simple way of effecting the purpose named.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Beck, of Spring Grove, was visiting friends in this place, last week.

Mrs. Basil P. Fink, of Littlestown, spent last week with her father, Mr. P. J. Noel, of Hanover street.

Mr D. M. Pottorff, of Granite Hill, is visting friends at Spring Grove.

Mr. E. F. Myers and wife, of Delta, York county, spent a few days with their parunts, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Myers, Philadelphia street.

What the Goose-Bone Says.

The true bone is the sharp blade from the breast of a goose that was hatched in Spring and has a trace of wild blood. A row of dots around the keel of the bone forecast the weather. The darker these spots the colder the weather will be. Contrary to corn husk lore, the goose-bone says there will be a very mild winter. There will not be many days in which running water will freeze. The coldest weather will come the latter half of January, and the coldest day of all will be January 27th. The January thaw will come in February, and there will be disastrous floods and dam bursting and the fiend to pay generally. After that we shall have an early Spring. We ought to.—Ex.

A Christmas gift—The ITEM.

Court Doings.

The Common Pleas list was finished on Tuesday evening and court adjourned until Saturday. In the case of Elias Donnelly, administrator, vs. John A. Gardner, the jury rendered a verdict for plaintiff for $864 57.

The only other case tried was Jennie Bosserman vs. John H. Resser. Appeal from docket of John L. Hill, jr., Esq. The parties to the suit were divorced in June last, and in July plaintiff made demand of defendant for certain personal property which she claimed belonged to her and was in his possession. The property claimed consisted of two shoats, a dozen chickens, 12 crocks, 30 pounds of lard, &c., amounting in value to $32.50. Defendant alleged all the eatables were used during their married life, and that none of the property was in his possession at the time of the demand. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff of $1.08, made up of thirty cents for crocks, two chickens seventy-five cents, and three cents interest.

John V. Eckenrode vs. John M. Fisher and Ellen M. Fisher, his wife, an action of ejectment, was settled. The defendants, as joint tenants, owned a tract of land, partly in Maryland and partly in Mountjoy township, and plaintiff sold interest of John M. Fisher at Sheriff's sale and bought it in for $505. The defendant offered plaintiff $350 for a quit claim deed for his interest, and he accepted it.

Com. vs. Alfred Craig. Charge, furnishing intoxicating liquor to a person of known intemperate habits on information of E. M. Ziegler. Verdict guilty and defendant sentenced to fifteen days in jail and to pay a fine of $10

A rule having been granted on Reuben Altland, of Abbottstown, to show cause why his license should not be revoked, he, with consent of the party who had returned him, filed a paper setting out that he promised not to apply for a license in 1890 and that he would soberly conduct his business until the expiration of his present license in January 1890, whereupon the proceedings against him were ordered to be discontinued.

Andrew Brough and Harry Cashman were discharged as the administrators of the estate of John Cashman, deceased.

Cyrus G. Beales and B. W. Zeigler were discharged as executors of will of Thomas D. Reed, deceased.

Adam Ertter was discharged as guardian of Mary E. and Emma C. Hoffman.

Hanson Diehl filed his resignation as supervisor of Cumberland township, on account of removing from the township.

The return of election for new township out of Tyrone and Huntington townships was handed to the court. There were 64 votes for the new township and 268 against it. This ends the proceedings.

Jacob A. March was discharged as the assignee of J. H. Bohn.

The grand jury having made a verbal presentment that Mervin Albert, a young son of Hiram Albert, of Latimore township, was implicated in the larceny of some turkeys, a hearing was held on Saturday morning. The testimony showing that the father had deserted his wife and children, that the boy Mervin, not yet 14 years of age, was vicious and uncontrolled by his mother, and that the mother did not exercise the proper care and discipline over her child, he was sent to the House of Refuge at Philadelphia.

The Court imposed sentences in the following cases:

Com. vs. John M. Myers. Defendant having plead guilty to the larceny of a turkey was sentenced to 30 days in jail, and at the expiration of his sentence to enter into recognizance to depart the county for the space of 3 years.

Com. vs. Edward Jones. Defendant having plead guilty of assault and battery on Wm. H. Glass, and being an old offender, was sentenced to enter into security in the sum of $300 to keep the peace and be of good behavior for a period of five years and stand committed until the sentence was complied with.

Charles Craft, who in 2886 entered into recognizance to depart the county and not return for a period of three years, was recently arrested in Mountjoy township. Upon being brought into court the court directed that he give security in $300 to keep the peace and be of good behavior for a period of two years, and stand committed until the sentence is complied with.

Jacob A. March, Elias Roth and J. A. Fickes appointed viewers to inspect iron bridge across Conewago creek at Dick's Fording in Reading township.

Same viewers to inspect wooden bridge over Conewago creek on road leading from Brown's mill to Abbottstown.

J. U. Neely, J. S. Witherow and J. W. Gelbach appointed viewers of road in Franklin township, from point on road leading from Mummasburg to the Gettysburg and Chambersburg turnpike at or near Van Dyke's school house, to a point on the Gettysburg and Chambersburg turnpike at or near Tobias Cover's in McKnightstown.

Soldier's peddler license was granted to James F. Woodward, of Gettysburg.

Sale of house and lot in New Oxford, by G. F. Smith, Administrator of estate of Joanna Felix, to Henry Stock for $1675, was confirmed.

Thieves Make Another Raid.

Monday night thieves affected an entrance into the residence of Mr. C. A. Diehl, Philadelphia street, by forcing open a back window. They were heard by Mrs. Diehl, and she, having no idea that robbers were at work, awakened her husband in a not very quiet manner, thus giving the robbers notice to make themselves scarce. They succeeded, however, in getting away with a fine shawl, some silver ware, &c.

Mr. Diehl followed them as far as the stable on the premises, where he found that they had taken every precaution for a safe flight by opening doors, gates, &c. Mr. Diehl then awakened some neighbors, and together they made an examination of the premises, and found a bundle containing several shawls, some silverware, &c., that evidently was dropped out of the window, and left there until more booty could br secured, but forgotten in the hasty flight of the robbers. At the barn Mr. Diehl found that his tools—chisels, hammers, bars, &c., were arranged by the robbers, to be carried off, perhaps to be used in future operations.

Mr. Diehl says he intends getting out his old army musket and load it with buck-shot, so that he will be prepared to give them a better and warmer reception, should they visit him again. We think this would be a very good thing for all our citizens to do, (not after they have visited you, but now,) for when robbers enter private rssidences they are becoming bold and desperate, and rather than be known would not hesitate at murder. Therefore prepare yourselves.

From Bendersville.

Timothy, son of T. F. Day, living two miles north of town, met with quite a misfortune the other day while cutting wood at home. The axe slipped cutting his foot very badly which confines him to the house.

Some Mormon missionaries were prowling around this section a few days ago, it is reported by reliable parties. They visited a director of West Point school two miles above town, desiring to preach at that place, but without success.

W. H. Reid killed 3 large hogs last week weighing 383, 373 and 369 lbs. respectively.

Isaac Carbaugh, living above town, while out hunting a few nights ago, fell upon some stones cutting his knee in such a manner that fears are entertained of his losing the use of his knee.

J. H. Raffensperger put in position a hydraulic ram for Peter Schlosser which furnishes various parts of his house with water, also one for Sam'l Deardorf which furnishes water for all purposes at the house as well as to water the stock at the barn. The water is brought from Marsh creek a distance of 400 feet with 25 feet elevation, at the latter place.

From Fairfield.

Samuel Eiker has purchased from his father, John Eiker, 56 acres and 141 perches of land with buildings, for $2,800. This property has been in the Eiker name for nearly 90 years and is now in the hands of the fourth generation. He also gets a clock in the bargain that came from Germany and is about 100 years old.

George Watson while bringing one of his children from school, in crossing the creek the horse fell, throwing both into the creek, neither of them were hurt, but had rather a cool reception.

Samuel Smith who conveys passengers from the Station to Fairfield, while turning around had an upset on Friday last, throwing out three passengers, fortunately no one was hurt.

There has been quite a number of wild turkies shot in the mountain. J. C. Sites bagged two at one shot a few days ago.

—ALL KINDS OF—

Job : Printing

done at the ITEM office.

A close observer remarks that among the noted men of the day names ending with "son" are unusually numerous. Harrison, Edison, Robert Louis Stevenson, Tennyson, Murchison and others illustrate the truth of this.

Phineas T. Barnum's activity and energy at this period of his life are surprising even to the people who know him best. He is now in the eightieth year of his age, was the editor of a paper sixty years ago, and is yet full of novel ideas. During his long career as a showman Barnum has always taken good care of his health.

The latest development of the automatic machine is a Doctor Cureall, in Holland. It is a wooden figure of a man with compartments all over it, labeled with the names of various ailments. If you have a pain find its corresponding location on the figure, drop a coin into the slot, and the proper pill or powder will come out.

The Scott exclusion act does not seem to keep the Chinese out of the country. After an intermission of a few months Chinese immigration is assuming its old proportions at San Francisco. A steamer which arrived not long since brought 168 Chinese, the men classed as "merchants" and the women as "wives." The local papers say that they evidently belong to the laboring class.

Those members of the French aristocracy who are always seeking to imitate English manners found in the recent electoral canvass an opportunity to follow the example set by Lady Churchill. They made a strong campaign in favor of their husbands, sons, brothers and friends who were candidates by running about the district in their village carts, distributing a hamper of game, a basket of wine, warm clothing, and toys for the children, articles for the household, and, in fact, anything that would influence the elector.

Americans who may have any ingenious appliances for the cure of physical maladies should be careful of taking them to Europe with them, as the possession of anything new and strange to the police may lead to the disagreeable experience of the Cincinnati man who was arrested as a Nihilist because his asthma medicine was mistaken for dynamite. The language which such a blunder would induce in the average American, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, would go far to make the European police believe the suspect to be a dangerous Nihilist. It takes more philosophy than the ordinary man is master of to endure calmly such gross stupidity.

A Shanghai (China) special cable says: "A recent disastrous fire in the Temple of Heaven and the destruction of the dragon throne seems to be directly connected with the opposition to the new railway policy. The censors reported that the temple was struck by lightning, but it now appears that the fire was the work of an incendiary. The motive of the outrage is clear enough. The perpetrators imagined this disaster would be assigned to supernatural origin, and be accepted as an evil omen. As a warning against the projected innovations their designs have failed, and a number of persons suspected of complicity have been arrested. The exposure of the plot can only strengthen the hands of Li Hung Chang and the railway party."

An interesting phase of the Chinese question has developed in New York city. Despite the alleged restrictions of the Exclusion Act the Celestial population there has increased fifteen per cent. within a twelvemonth. The representative of a Chinese company who held a lease of some valuable New York property declined to renew the lease save on his own terms. The landlord, declining to acquiesce, was confronted with this interesting situation: No Caucasian would occupy the property lately vacated by a Mongolian and no Mongolian was permitted under the laws of America-Mongolian ethics to lease a building from which one of his own race had been expelled. The Chicago *Herald* considers that the effect of such conditions as these will be to erect in New York an institution such as has long been familiar to San Francisco; a Chinatown, with all its attendant horrors of opium-smoking and highbinder murder. New York already has a Mott street, largely, but not entirely, given over to Chinamen: but it is not prepared for a state of affairs which involves the Chinaman as a considerable social and political factor, as he undoubtedly is in San Francisco.

SUNRISE.

—e rose before the dawn, and stole along
The dull shore waiting for the light to be;
That he, before the unimpatient throng,
Might watch the sunrise on the splendid sea.

And one who cared not for the glorious sight,
But for the joy to come with that first ray,
Ran to his casement to greet there the light
That ushered in for him his wedding-day.

But to the One who gives both sea and shore,
Who from the darkness light and gladness frees,
Rises the sweetest hymn forevermore
Not from the lips of such glad souls as these.

But from the bed where one all night has lain,
Stilling his moans to let his watchers sleep,
Who suddenly across his bed of pain
Sees the faint gray of early morning creep.

He cannot haste with eager eyes to see
Its coming; whether it be dull or fair,
This day that dawns, he knows not; it may be
It brings him suffering keener still to bear.

Ah, God! how great the gift that Thou hast given
When those who only know the night is past
Send to Thee, in Thy far-off, silent heaven,
The gladdest thanks that day has dawned at last!

—*Alice Wellington Rollins, in Century.*

AN EARTHQUAKE CURE.

As she stood there in the window, with her pretty hands clasped behind her, the soft September sun throwing a golden ray on her bright hair, she was thinking and calling herself all manner of epithets, of which "insane" was, perhaps, the mildest. And yet, looking at Sophy Schuyler's arch, lovely face, you would have thought him a fortunate man who could call that wistful, troubled smile into the gray eyes which filled their liquid depths just then.

"It's all in a tangle," thought Sophy; which, being translated, meant that she was partly engaged to one man, and awaking to the consciousness that she was growing rather too deeply interested in another.

Vaughan Hesketh, the unlucky man to whom she fancied she owed allegiance, was an artist, and poor, while Owen Nugent was a wealthy bachelor whom half the girls in town were crazy about.

Sophy was an orphan, perilously pretty, and destined to be the heiress of a very rich old grandfather. Aunt Cynthia, grandpa's sister, abetted her wilful little niece in half her naughtiness.

Aunt Cynthia and Sophy had come up to Catskill quite early in the season, and among the guests at the boarding-house where they were located was this artist. Hesketh was very handsome; had fascinating manners and great, mournful eyes, with a poetical way of expressing himself that did him good service; and finding this young, fresh girl (with an aroma of grandpa Schuyler's fortune about her), picturesque and pretty enough for a "study," he proceeded to study her in another way, and played the role of a man wearied, misappreciated and lonely —wouldn't she just try to comfort and console him a little, poor fellow!"

Nugent was not near as handsome a man as Hesketh; but there was something better than mere beauty in the broad, white forehead and the frank, blue eyes that met yours so clearly; and his physique was certainly superb. He towered half a head above most of the other gentlemen in the house and, like most very large, powerful men, his manner toward women was peculiarly gentle and deferential.

Sophy would have gone on some time longer, probably in a vague state of discontent and uneasiness, scolding herself because Vaughan's society did not give her unalloyed pleasure, if Forence Cochrane had not come to Catskill, in all her radiant, successful beauty, fresh from a score of triumphs at Newport.

Miss Cochrane was a belle of several years' standing, and understood herself, as the phrase goes, thoroughly: that is, she had accidentally heard of Owen Nugent's return from Europe and his presence at Catskill—and nothing but mountain air would content the beauty after that intelligence. So her obedient mamma gave a mild assent to the plan; and Florence, conscious beauty as she was, had never looked handsomer than when she walked out on the piazza the evening of her arrival and renewed her acquaintance with Nugent, as he was walking up and down with Sophy's hand on his arm.

For two weeks past Florence had posed, smiled and angled for the golden prize, while Nugent seemed provokingly unconscious of the entire proceeding. To be sure, he was with her half the time (it would have been a difficult matter to avoid her without undue rudeness), and Sophy missed his little attentions and wondered why it gave her an odd twinge of something she had never felt before when she saw him playing chess with the beauty every evening. And to-night, as she sat in the window, she was speculating whether Vaughan would engross her all the time upon the trip which they were expecting to take up the mountain next day.

The mountain party assembled early the next morning, but they did not get off without several secret heartburnings. Hesketh, very much to his annoyance, found that he was, as it were, obliged to go in Aunt Cynthia's wagon; and that much-enduring lady was separated from Sophy and compelled to matronize Florence and Aunot Osborne, a very tall, sallow young woman, whose rather too easy manners were forgiven because of her papa's millions down in Wall street. And Sophy being, unhappily, wedged in between Mrs. Cochran and a priggish chap named Clay, became more resigned to her situation when Owen Nugent climbed up by the driver, directly behind her.

Hesketh was a good deal piqued with Sophy for her innocent gayety on the way up. Every time her blithe, girlish laugh echoed down the path, he chose to feel personally aggrieved because she could be merry when any one but himself was beside her; and therefore, when she lingered a little, and looked rather wistfully up at him as they started forth from the hotel, he pretended not to see the glance, but went on flirting with Aunot Osborne.

Aunot admired the handsome artist, and was privately exulting at drawing him away from Sophy—so the pair pursued their ramble very contentedly. And, somehow, Sophy dropped behind, and Mr. Clay was more of a prig than ever, she thought, when she saw Florence's blue feather disappear in the distance, with Nugent in attendance.

The party got separated, of course, and Sophy artfully contrived to send Mr. Clay back with a message to Aunt Cynthia, and then she strayed on alone, and very narrowly escaped coming to serious grief. She was going along the edge of a lovely little ravine, pausing now and then to admire its beauty, when suddenly somebody said, just behind her:

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Sophy."

The voice startled her, she stepped on a round pebble, which turned treacherously under her foot; she felt herself falling—gave a gasping cry—and then oblivion!

A warm hand clasped hers as she trembled back into consciousness.

"My dear child!" Owen Nugent's voice was a trifle unsteady. "Are you hurt by my terrible carelessness?" Sophy essayed to stand upright!

"I believe I felt a little faint," said she, the color rushing back to the pale face as she realized against whose shoulder she leaned. "How shall we ever get up, Mr. Nugent?" He smiled. She had, fortunately escaped the rocks and landed in a little green ledge, unhurt; they were about midway, and the ascent was not very great.

"I think I could carry you up," he said, quite gravely. "You are not a very great weight, you know." She laughed.

"No; but I think I will try to climb it with your assistance," and she put her hand in his with a child's simplicity. They were fully ten minutes climbing, however, for Nugent would not let her go fast and watched her steps with such solicitude that her varying color came and went more fitfully than ever. By and by they reached the top.

"I don't know what I should have done without you," Sophy said, with a shy, happy glance that utterly upset his discretion. "I wish I could thank you properly."

"Do not," he said softly; then, quite abruptly: "Will you solve a problem that I have been asking myself all morning? Do you think in time I could make you love me?"

Every particle of color died out of the lovely face. "Mr. Nugent!" and she burst into tears.

"My dear child! have I frightened you?" he asked, a pained look crossing his face.

"No! yes!" she answered, vaguely, terrified because of a guilty throb of joy in her heart, which she instinctively felt ought not to be there. "Oh! you don't understand! What would Vaughan say?

"Have you given him a right to say anything?" Nugent's tone was sterner.

"I—at least he would think he had," she faltered out, feeling utterly wretched.

"My dear!" he touched the little cold hand with his lips. "Do not look so troubled. I must not lose your friendship"—— He broke off abruptly. There stood Hesketh and Florence.

"Truants! We have had such a hunt for you!" cried the beauty, with an angry sparkle of her eyes. Hesketh slipped Sophy's hand within his own.

"How dared that man kiss your hand!" he said, in a wrathful undertone, as they followed the others.

"Vaughan!"

"Oh, my love! do not you desert me! I have no one left in the wide world to care for me if you do."

And Sophy felt miserably guilty, and descended into the valley of humiliation, and Vaughan talked desperate stuff and persuaded her (and himself very nearly) that she was his sole hope of redemption, while his thoughts, carrying on the double train that they often do, were busy speculating whether Sophy Schuyler, with her pretty face and prospective fortune, was as rich a prize as sallow Aunot Osborne, with half a million already her own. And for the rest of the day his mind ran upon a certain old proverb, which demonstrates the superiority of a bird in the hand, with curious pertinacity.

The weather for some days had been eccentric to the dire bewilderment of all weather prophets. Such stifling hot mornings for October and torrents of rain at nightfall, with mists and damps at all hours of the day. Therefore, when Sunday morning dawned without an actual storm, people congratulated themselves and declared their intention of going to church, and being pious, regardless of the dull, heavy air.

Sophy was late and when she came down at last she hurried Hesketh off down the hill and got into church after service had begun. The little edifice was very full, and she walked hesitatingly up the aisle, feeling grateful when Nugent's hand quietly opened a pew door next his own for them, and she sunk down into a corner farthest away from Hesketh.

Florence's blue feather nodding in front of her, beside Nugent's broad shoulder, distracted her attention for awhile; but when the choir joined in a hymn, solemn and subdued as the music was, Sophy's head dropped forward between her hands and she began to weep softly.

Sitting there, she realized with a sudden flash of self-understanding that she could not, must not, marry this man, who had so bewitched her girlish senses. Could she ever stand in a holy place like this and give him the most solemn vows that can be spoken? Sophy shivered and grew faint at the bare thought. No, she would not bear it another day; she would tell Hesketh to-night, and then, if he wasn't generous enough to release her, she would confess the whole matter to grandpa; his wrath was better than the burden of a secret engagement to a man whom she was beginning to realize she did not love.

Suddenly the church seemed to grow darker; the gaslights on the altar quivered; the ground beneath her shook violently, and the walls seemed to totter at their very foundation. The music ended in a prolonged shriek; people sprang to their feet; women screamed and fainted; and everybody rushed into the aisles, crowding and crushing each other in their panic.

Had the end of the world come! What was about to happen? Sophy's soul rushed to her lips in one agonized shriek.

"Owen! Owen! Where are you? Oh, come!"

Hesketh, with the frantic terror which sometimes seizes men in an unknown danger, was far in advance of the struggling crowd in the aisles; but Sophy's light form was lifted from the seat, and a voice said tenderly:

"My own darling! It is a slight earthquake—trust me!"

Sophy closed her eyes; in all her terror one hot throb of joy thrilled her as no joy had ever done before. If they perished, they would die together. The air blowing on her face and a gust of rain drops revived her; she opened her soft eyes.

"Owen, before we die, just let me tell you——"

"What, love?" for Sophy hardly knew what she was saying.

"That I am—Oh! do you love me so very much?"

He set her down out of his arms, and right there in the village street he kissed her till the lovely face was rosy.

Hesketh married Aunot Osborne, and had the supreme satisfaction of sending his wedding cards to Sophy and grandpa Schuyler. How angry he would have been if he could have seen the lovely, unclouded face that bent over grandpa's shoulder as he opened the envelop, and the laughing, half-deprecating voice that said to Nugent:

"What a little goose I was last summer! Oh, Owen! to think that I had to be cured by an earthquake!"

But Sophy's husband closed her lips with a kiss, that said he, at least, was fully satisfied with an earthquake's results.—*New York Journal.*

California's Growth.

Forty years ago the harbor of San Francisco was filled with a great fleet of ships that were lying idly at their anchors. They had brought cargoes of men and merchandise, but they could find no cargoes to carry away. Many of these ships never left the port. They were hauled up to the land, and the hulks furnished temporary shelter for hundreds of pioneers. To-day the docks are lined with a great fleet of merchant ships—a larger number of sailing vessels, probably, than can be found in any other port in the Union. These ships are nearly all discharging or taking on cargo. There is hardly an idle ship in this harbor among seaworthy vessels. Aside from wine, wool, ores, and lumber, there will be a million tons of wheat for transportation to foreign markets. The ox teams no longer plod a weary way across the continent. But nearly every day a train load of fruit is sent to the Atlantic States, and these shipments will be rounded up with the largest citrus crop, save that of Florida, ever produced in the United States.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Caught a Crooked Man.

During the Exposition one of the Deputy Sheriffs, who were appointed to guard the public safety out on the grounds, was told one day by his superior to take a walk in a certain direction and keep his eye peeled for crooked people. In about half an hour he came back with a young farmer on his arm and highly elated over his capture.

"Who've you got there?" asked the Sheriff.

"A crooked man."

"Do you know him?"

"No; never saw him before."

"What was he doing?"

"Strolling around."

"But how do you know he is crooked?"

"How do I know? Why, man, look at his legs! Did you ever see a more crooked pair?"

"And blame my hide!" spoke up the prisoner, "if it has come to that pass that a bow-legged man can't go to a fair without being collared as a thief I want to know it and be ready to govern myself accordingly."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Long wraps are in vogue for general wear.

A new salad bowl is shaped like an open rose.

Ribbons are used as freely as ever for trimming.

Buttons at $20 a dozen will find many purchasers this winter.

Lady Eva Wyndham Quin, an English lady has been tiger hunting at Nepaul, Northern India.

Richard Burton, of Denver, Col., wants a divorce from his wife on the ground that she squints.

The Empress Augusta gave $200 to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Antwerp explosion.

The new carmelite wools have silk-woven borders which closely resemble Kensington embroidery.

Miss Sanger, President Harrison's typewriter, is a rapid worker, and often copies on her machine 120 letters a day.

Mrs. Harriet A. Ketchum has been awarded the first prize ($500) for a design for the Iowa soldiers' monument.

Five hundred dollars will keep a fashionable woman in millinery goods and $300 will shoe her for twelve months.

Miss Beaumont, the American aeronaut, was recently fished out of the River Tyne, England, after descending from the clouds in a parachute.

The Princess Christian, daughter of Queen Victoria, has prepared three illustrated articles for the forthcoming volume of an English magazine.

The new winter goods are cashmeres, cloths, cheviots and diagonals, in divers designs, of which the large plaids, disks, and broad stripes are most favored.

A woman living in the oil region of Pennsylvania recently lost her thumb. She applied crude oil to the stump and now an entirely new thumb is growing.

Genuine green acorns in their tiny cups, and surrounded by shining dark green oak leaves, appear upon some of the large Directoire hats for early autumn wear.

A high, wired collar and small hood are effective additions to seal plush mantles, and smaller collars of plush or fur are very stylish upon Directoire capes of cloth.

A big mellow, yellow apple stuck full of cloves and set on a saucer is one of the sweetest things to be found on the dressing table of the guest's chamber for a bit of fragrance.

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Apple green and primrose yellow are used in combination for evening gowns. Another favorite mixture that sounds impossible and looks more than well is deep cream with clear glistening white.

A very popular arrangement for gowns of woolen fabrics is the double vest, the upper one simulating a low cut, double breasted waistcoat, the under one, of silk or some light fabric, reaching to the throat.

Only dress skirts of a very heavy fabric require steels; and the limit is fixed at two short ones. Pad bustles are entirely eliminated, and the skirt hangs perfectly in back, being also entirely plain in front and at the sides.

The favorite furs for the winter will be the Russian sable, which, by reason of its cost, is always a leading choice; the mink or Hudson Bay sable, the ever-popular sealskin, astrackan, black Persian lamb, Russian lamb and gray Krimmer.

English bridesmaids are wearing Directoire costumes of white watered silk with redingotes which have deep rolling collars of orange velvet, and soft vests of yellow crepe du chine fastened at the belt with long loops and ends of yellow moire ribbon.

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The late Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, left a fortune of $100,000, all earned by her pen. Miss Booth was a prolific and patient writer, and her success, as most successes are, was earned by steadfast, patient endeavors rather than impulsive genius.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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A close observer remarks that among the noted men of the day names ending with "son" are unusually numerous. Harrison, Edison, Robert Louis Stevenson, Tennyson, Murchison and others illustrate the truth of this.

Phineas T. Barnum's activity and energy at this period of his life are surprising even to the people who know him best. He is now in the eightieth year of his age, was the editor of a paper sixty years ago, and is yet full of novel ideas. During his long career as a showman Barnum has always taken good care of his health.

The latest development of the automatic machine is a Doctor Cureall, in Holland. It is a wooden figure of a man with compartments all over it, labeled with the names of various ailments. If you have a pain find its corresponding location on the figure, drop a coin into the slot, and the proper pill or powder will come out.

The Scott exclusion act does not seem to keep the Chinese out of the country. After an intermission of a few months Chinese immigration is assuming its old proportions at San Francisco. A steamer which arrived not long since brought 168 Chinese, the men classed as "merchants" and the women as "wives." The local papers say that they evidently belong to the laboring class.

Those members of the French aristocracy who are always seeking to imitate English manners found in the recent electoral canvass an opportunity to follow the example set by Lady Churchill. They made a strong campaign in favor of their husbands, sons, brothers and friends who were candidates by running about the district in their village carts, distributing a hamper of game, a basket of wine, warm clothing, and toys for the children, articles for the household, and, in fact, anything that would influence the elector.

Americans who may have any ingenious appliances for the cure of physical maladies should be careful of taking them to Europe with them, as the possession of anything new and strange to the police may lead to the disagreeable experience of the Cincinnati man who was arrested as a Nihilist because his asthma medicine was mistaken for dynamite. The language which such a blunder would induce in the average American, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, would go far to make the European police believe the suspect to be a dangerous Nihilist. It takes more philosophy than the ordinary man is master of to endure calmly such gross stupidity.

A Shanghai (China) special cable says: "A recent disastrous fire in the Temple of Heaven and the destruction of the dragon throne seems to be directly connected with the opposition to the new railway policy. The censors reported that the temple was struck by lightning, but it now appears that the fire was the work of an incendiary. The motive of the outrage is clear enough. The perpetrators imagined this disaster would be assigned to supernatural origin, and be accepted as an evil omen. As a warning against the projected innovations their designs have failed, and a number of persons suspected of complicity have been arrested. The exposure of the plot can only strengthen the hands of Li Hung Chang and the railway party."

An interesting phase of the Chinese question has developed in New York city. Despite the alleged restrictions of the Exclusion Act the Celestial population there has increased fifteen per cent. within a twelvemonth. The representative of a Chinese company who held a lease of some valuable New York property declined to renew the lease save on his own terms. The landlord, declining to acquiesce, was confronted with this interesting situation: No Caucasian would occupy the property lately vacated by a Mongolian and no Mongolian was permitted under the laws of America-Mongolian ethics to lease a building from which one of his own race had been expelled. The Chicago *Herald* considers that the effect of such conditions as these will be to erect in New York an institution such as has long been familiar to San Francisco; a Chinatown, with all its attendant horrors of opium-smoking and highbinder murder. New York already has a Mott street, largely, but not entirely, given over to Chinamen; but it is not prepared for a state of affairs which involves the Chinaman as a considerable social and political factor, as he undoubtedly is in San Francisco.

SUNRISE.

—— rose before the dawn, and stole along
The dull shore waiting for the light to be;
That he, before the unimpatient throng,
Might watch the sunrise on the splendid sea.

And one who cared not for the glorious sight,
But for the joy to come with that first ray,
Ran to his casement to greet there the light
That ushered in for him his wedding-day.

But to the One who gives both sea and shore,
Who from the darkness light and gladness frees,
Rises the sweetest hymn forevermore
Not from the lips of such glad souls as these.

But from the bed where one all night has lain,
Stilling his moans to let his watchers sleep,
Who suddenly across his bed of pain
Sees the faint gray of early morning creep.

He cannot haste with eager eyes to see
Its coming; whether it be dull or fair,
This day that dawns, he knows not; it may be
It brings him suffering keener still to bear.

Ah, God! how great the gift that Thou hast given
When those who only know the night is past
Send to Thee, in Thy far-off, silent heaven,
The gladdest thanks that day has dawned at last!

—*Alice Wellington Rollins, in Century.*

AN EARTHQUAKE CURE.

As she stood there in the window, with her pretty hands clasped behind her, the soft September sun throwing a golden ray on her bright hair, she was thinking and calling herself all manner of epithets, of which "insane" was, perhaps, the mildest. And yet, looking at Sophy Schuyler's arch, lovely face, you would have thought him a fortunate man who could call that wistful, troubled smile into the gray eyes which filled their liquid depths just then.

"It's all in a tangle," thought Sophy; which, being translated, meant that she was partly engaged to one man, and waking to the consciousness that she was growing rather too deeply interested in another.

Vaughan Hesketh, the unlucky man to whom she fancied she owed allegiance, was an artist, and poor, while Owen Nugent was a wealthy bachelor whom half the girls in town were crazy about.

Sophy was an orphan, perilously pretty, and destined to be the heiress of a very rich old grandfather. Aunt Cynthia, grandpa's sister, abetted her wilful little niece in half her naughtiness.

Aunt Cynthia and Sophy had come up to Catskill quite early in the season, and among the guests at the boarding-house where they were located was this artist. Hesketh was very handsome; had fascinating manners and great, mournful eyes, with a poetical way of expressing himself that did him good service; and finding this young, fresh girl (with an aroma of grandpa Schuyler's fortune about her), picturesque and pretty enough for a "study," he proceeded to study her in another way, and played the role of a man wearied, misappreciated and lonely —wouldn't she just try to comfort and console him a little, poor fellow!"

Nugent was not near as handsome a man as Hesketh; but there was something better than mere beauty in the broad, white forehead and the frank, blue eyes that met yours so clearly; and his physique was certainly superb. He towered half a head above most of the other gentlemen in the house and, like most very large, powerful men, his manner toward women was peculiarly gentle and deferential.

Sophy would have gone on some time longer, probably in a vague state of discontent and uneasiness, scolding herself because Vaughan's society did not give her unalloyed pleasure, if Forence Cochrane had not come to Catskill, in all her radiant, successful beauty, fresh from a score of triumphs at Newport.

Miss Cochrane was a belle of several years' standing, and understood herself, as the phrase goes, thoroughly; that is, she had accidentally heard of Owen Nugent's return from Europe and his presence at Catskill—and nothing but mountain air would content the beauty after that intelligence. So her obedient mamma gave a mild assent to the plan; and Florence, conscious beauty as she was, had never looked handsomer than when she walked out on the piazza the evening of her arrival and renewed her acquaintance with Nugent, as he was walking up and down with Sophy's hand on his arm.

For two weeks past Florence had posed, smiled and angled for the golden prize, while Nugent seemed provokingly unconscious of the entire proceeding. To be sure, he was with her half the time (it would have been a difficult matter to avoid her without undue rudeness), and Sophy missed his little attentions and wondered why it gave her an odd twinge of something she had never felt before when she saw him playing chess with the beauty every evening. And to-night, as she sat in the window, she was speculating whether Vaughan would engross her all the time upon the trip which they were expecting to take up the mountain next day.

The mountain party assembled early the next morning, but they did not get off without several secret heartburnings. Hesketh, very much to his annoyance, found that he was, as it were, obliged to go in Aunt Cynthia's wagon; and that much-enduring lady was separated from Sophy and compelled to matronize Florence and Aunot Osborne, a very tall, sallow young woman, whose rather too easy manners were forgiven because of her papa's millions down in Wall street. And Sophy being, unhappily, wedged in between Mrs. Cochran and a priggish chap named Clay, became more resigned to her situation when Owen Nugent climbed up by the driver, directly behind her.

Hesketh was a good deal piqued with Sophy for her innocent gayety on the way up. Every time her blithe, girlish laugh echoed down the path, he chose to feel personally aggrieved because she could be merry when any one but himself was beside her; and therefore, when she lingered a little, and looked rather wistfully up at him as they started forth from the hotel, he pretended not to see the glance, but went on flirting with Aunot Osborne.

Aunot admired the handsome artist, and was privately exulting at drawing him away from Sophy—so the pair pursued their ramble very contentedly. And, somehow, Sophy dropped behind, and Mr. Clay was more of a prig than ever, she thought, when she saw Florence's blue feather disappear in the distance, with Nugent in attendance.

The party got separated, of course, and Sophy artfully contrived to send Mr. Clay back with a message to Aunt Cynthia, and then she strayed on alone, and very narrowly escaped coming to serious grief. She was going along the edge of a lovely little ravine, pausing now and then to admire its beauty, when suddenly somebody said, just behind her:

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Sophy."

The voice startled her, she stepped on a round pebble, which turned treacherously under her foot; she felt herself falling—gave a gasping cry—and then oblivion!

A warm hand clasped hers as she trembled back into consciousness.

"My dear child!" Owen Nugent's voice was a trifle unsteady. "Are you hurt by my terrible carelessness?" Sophy essayed to stand upright!

"I believe I felt a little faint," said she, the color rushing back to the pale face as she realized against whose shoulder she leaned. "How shall we ever get up, Mr. Nugent?" He smiled. She had, fortunately escaped the rocks and landed in a little green ledge, unhurt; they were about midway, and the ascent was not very great.

"I think I could carry you up," he said, quite gravely. "You are not a very great weight, you know." She laughed.

"No; but I think I will try to climb it with your assistance," and she put her hand in his with a child's simplicity. They were fully ten minutes climbing, however, for Nugent would not let her go fast and watched her steps with such solicitude that her varying color came and went more fitfully than ever. By and by they reached the top.

"I don't know what I should have done without you," Sophy said, with a shy, happy glance that utterly upset his discretion. "I wish I could thank you properly."

"Do not," he said softly; then, quite abrubtly: "Will you solve a problem that I have been asking myself all morning? Do you think in time I could make you love me?"

Every particle of color died out of the lovely face. "Mr. Nugent!" and she burst into tears.

"My dear child! have I frightened you?" he asked, a pained look crossing his face.

"No! yes!" she answered, vaguely, terrified because of a guilty throb of joy in her heart, which she instinctively felt ought not to be there. "Oh! you don't understand! What would Vaughan say?

"Have you given him a right to say anything?" Nugent's tone was sterner.

"I—at least he would think he had," she faltered out, feeling utterly wretched.

"My dear!" he touched the little cold hand with his lips. "Do not look so troubled. I must not lose your friendship"—— He broke off abruptly. There stood Hesketh and Florence.

"Truants! We have had such a hunt for you!" cried the beauty, with an angry sparkle of her eyes. Hesketh slipped Sophy's hand within his own.

"How dared that man kiss your hand!" he said, in a wrathful undertone, as they followed the others.

"Vaughan!"

"Oh, my love! do not you desert me! I have no one left in the wide world to care for me if you do."

And Sophy felt miserably guilty, and descended into the valley of humiliation, and Vaughan talked desperate stuff and persuaded her (and himself very nearly) that she was his sole hope of redemption, while his thoughts, carrying on the double train that they often do, were busy speculating whether Sophy Schuyler, with her pretty face and prospective fortune, was as rich a prize as sallow Aunot Osborne, with half a million already her own. And for the rest of the day his mind ran upon a certain old proverb, which demonstrates the superiority of a bird in the hand, with curious pertinacity.

The weather for some days had been eccentric to the dire bewilderment of all weather prophets. Such stifling hot mornings for October and torrents of rain at nightfall, with mists and damps at all hours of the day. Therefore, when Sunday morning dawned without an actual storm, people congratulated themselves and declared their intention of going to church, and being pious, regardless of the dull, heavy air.

Sophy was late and when she came down at last she hurried Hesketh off down the hill and got into church after service had begun. The little edifice was very full, and she walked hesitatingly up the aisle, feeling grateful when Nugent's hand quietly opened a pew door next his own for them, and she sunk down into a corner farthest away from Hesketh.

Florence's blue feather nodding in front of her, beside Nugent's broad shoulder, distracted her attention for awhile; but when the choir joined in a hymn, solemn and subdued as the music was, Sophy's head dropped forward between her hands and she began to weep softly.

Sitting there, she realized with a sudden flash of self-understanding that she could not, must not, marry this man, who had so bewitched her girlish senses. Could she ever stand in a holy place like this and give him the most solemn vows that can be spoken? Sophy shivered and grew faint at the bare thought. No, she would not bear it another day; she would tell Hesketh to-night, and then, if he wasn't generous enough to release her, she would confess the whole matter to grandpa; his wrath was better than the burden of a secret engagement to a man whom she was beginning to realize she did not love.

Suddenly the church seemed to grow darker; the gaslights on the altar quivered; the ground beneath her shook violently, and the walls seemed to totter at their very foundation. The music ended in a prolonged shriek; people sprang to their feet; women screamed and fainted; and everybody rushed into the ailes, crowding and crushing each other in their panic.

Had the end of the world come! What was about to happen? Sophy's soul rushed to her lips in one agonized shriek.

"Owen! Owen! Where are you? Oh, come!"

Hesketh, with the frantic terror which sometimes seizes men in an unknown danger, was far in advance of the struggling crowd in the aisles; but Sophy's light form was lifted from the seat, and a voice said tenderly:

"My own darling! It is a slight earthquake—trust me!"

Sophy closed her eyes; in all her terror one hot throb of joy thrilled her as no joy had ever done before. If they perished, they would die together. The air blowing on her face and a gust of rain drops revived her; she opened her soft eyes.

"Owen, before we die, just let me tell you——"

"What, love?" for Sophy hardly knew what she was saying.

"That I am—Oh! do you love me so very much?"

He set her down out of his arms, and right there in the village street he kissed her till the lovely face was rosy.

Hesketh married Aunot Osborne, and had the supreme satisfaction of sending his wedding cards to Sophy and grandpa Schuyler. How angry he would have been if he could have seen the lovely, unclouded face that bent over grandpa's shoulder as he opened the envelop, and the laughing, half-deprecating voice that said to Nugent:

"What a little goose I was last summer! Oh, Owen! to think that I had to be cured by an earthquake!"

But Sophy's husband closed her lips with a kiss, that said he, at least, was fully satisfied with an earthquake's results.—*New York Journal.*

California's Growth.

Forty years ago the harbor of San Francisco was filled with a great fleet of ships that were lying idly at their anchors. They had brought cargoes of men and merchandise, but they could find no cargoes to carry away. Many of these ships never left the port. They were hauled up to the land, and the hulks furnished temporary shelter for hundreds of pioneers. To-day the docks are lined with a great fleet of merchant ships—a larger number of sailing vessels, probably, than can be found in any other port in the Union. These ships are nearly all discharging or taking on cargo. There is hardly an idle ship in this harbor among seaworthy vessels. Aside from wine, wool, ores, and lumber, there will be a million tons of wheat for transportation to foreign markets. The ox teams no longer plod a weary way across the continent. But nearly every day a train load of fruit is sent to the Atlantic States, and these shipments will be rounded up with the largest citrus crop, save that of Florida, ever produced in the United States.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Caught a Crooked Man.

During the Exposition one of the Deputy Sheriffs, who were appointed to guard the public safety out on the grounds, was told one day by his superior to take awalk in a certain direction and keep his eye peeled for crooked people. In about half an hour he came back with a young farmer on his arm and highly elated over his capture.

"Who've you got there?" asked the Sheriff.

"A crooked man."

"Do you know him?"

"No; never saw him before."

"What was he doing?"

"Strolling around."

"But how do you know he is crooked?"

"How do I know? Why, man, look at his legs! Did you ever see a more crooked pair?"

"And blame my hide!" spoke up the prisoner, "if it has come to that pass that a bow-legged man can't go to a fair without being collared as a thief I want to know it and be ready to govern myself accordingly."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SHOULDER OF LAMB.

A shoulder of lamb cooked as follows is a very cheap and excellent dinner: Have the butcher cut out the shoulder blade, and the first length and half the second of the foreleg, taking care not to mangle the meat. Stuff with a force-meat made of bread crumbs with one boiled and mashed onion, seasoned with salt, pepper and sage. Truss it up something in the shape of a duck and sew shut. Lay in a dripping pan on a few sliced vegetables, pour over a gill of hot water, and bake twenty minutes to the pound. Garnish with new, small carrots, onions and new potatoes, strain and thicken the gravy, pour it over all and serve.

HINTS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.

No facings are used on the bottoms of æsthetic house dresses. A wide hem, which must be lined with a crinoline, is turned back about six inches and a side plaiting of India linen or mull in the same side as the gown is set underneath as a balayeuse, not showing below the hem of the gown. A little tin machine for making side and knife plaitings can be purchased at a trifling cost, and is almost as valuable as a sewing machine in a house where much of the sewing is done at home. Knife plaitings are used on everything, but are not sewed on in the old-style fashion; the plaits must be fine and the entire plaiting gathered on. If for a jabot it is left more full at every turn, as if it were rounding a corner.

An easy way to get a pretty effect in a sleeve is to gather an outside onto a fitted lining, end it at the elbow with a knife-plaited frill about six inches wide, gathered extremely full at the back.

In making over a bodice for a house gown get mull or crepe like the material in color for sleeves, no matter whether other trimmings of mull are used. This gives a dressy effect.—*Chicago Herald.*

WAYS OF BAKING GRAHAM FLOUR.

By this time everybody knows how to make graham "gems" by the usual method, which is simply to stir the batter just a little stiffer than griddle cake batter, and bake quickly in a very hot oven. This thing is certain, the thinner the batter the hotter must be the oven. It is also the case that gems mixed with water require a hotter oven than those mixed with milk. So, if you cannot have a very hot oven, either make the mixture of simple graham flour and water quite thick, or mix the flour with milk. Skimmed milk is good enough, though new or creamy milk makes the bread more "short," of course. Have the gem pans very hot, and then a scrap of cloth with the least bit of butter on it, rubbed over the irons, will prevent the gems from sticking. Housekeepers who have no gem pans can make very nice warm graham bread for breakfast in several ways. Make a dough of flour and sweet milk, skimmed or creamy, as you prefer, or find convenient still enough to roll out easily. Knead this a little, roll it an inch thick and cut it into diamonds; or cut off strips and make it into rolls with the hand; or roll it into balls two inches in diameter, flattening them a little, or not at all, as you choose, or roll the dough very thin and cut it into square crackers, pricking them well to prevent their puffing. Crackers are best with some cream in the mixing, and crackers require more kneading than diamonds and rolls, which are expected to be soft inside.

Any of these kinds of bread, diamonds, rolls, balls and crackers are baked upon the grate in the oven, which should be wiped off very clean. They will not stick to it, and will bake very fast.

RECIPES.

Light Biscuit—Sift three and one-half pounds of flour into a bowl; make a hole in the centre, and stir in one pint of lukewarm milk and half a pint of yeast, stir in just flour enough to make a thin batter, cover and let stand till light: melt one-half pound of butter in one pint of warm milk, let it stand till luke warm, and with a tablespoonful of salt sift in the other ingredients; knead and let stand one hour; roll and cut into biscuits, lay two inches apart, let stand till light, then bake.

Cottage Pudding—One cup of sugar, one spoonful butter, one cup of milk, one pint of flour, ten eggs, one teaspoonful baking powder. Beat the butter, eggs and sugar to a froth, then add the milk, and lastly the flour in which the baking powder has been thoroughly mixed. Flavor with lemon and bake in a shallow dish or tin half an hour. Serve with lemon sauce made as follows: Beat to a froth one spoonful butter, one cup sugar, one spoonful cornstarch and two eggs. When very smooth and light add one cup of boiling water. Set the basin into boiling water and stir five minutes. Season with lemon.

Soup Stock—Take all the bones of joints, etc., that are available, bones of poultry and game that are sweet, chop them into convenient pieces and put them into a saucepan together with any scraps of meat, cooked or uncooked, resulting from remnants, the trimmings of cutlets, etc.; add a couple of carrots, one onion, a bunch of parsley, salt to taste, a small quantity of white pepper and allspice mixed and two or three cloves. Fill up the saucepan with cold water until it covers the contents by one inch, and set it on the fire to simmer slowly for about four or five hours. Strain the liquor through a cloth into a basin, and when cold, the cake of fat on top being removed, the stock will be ready to use.

Keeping Flowers.

A great deal has been written on the preservation of cut flowers, but the matter is still imperfectly understood by most people. It is important to know, not only how to take care of them after being cut, but how to cut them. On this latter point a practical hint may be of service to our readers. It might not occur to them that it made any serious difference whether the stems were broken off or cut with the knife or scissors.

A sharp knife is the right tool for this purpose, as it leaves the sap vessels of the stems open for the absorption of water, while scissors crush and compress these vessels so that their absorptive power is more or less destroyed. Like injury may be done by breaking off the stems, especially if they are tough. If the flowers are put into water immediately the ends of the stems should be cut with a sharp knife, as the sap vessels will probably have become clogged with coagulated matter.

Cut flowers often suffer from too dry an atmosphere. It is difficult to avoid this in our artificially heated rooms, but we may at least put the blossoms in the coldest part of the room. Near a window, and especially a bay-window, the temperature is generally several degrees lower than in other parts of the room, as you will see if you will test it with a thermometer. The best authorities say, moreover, that the flowers should have the benefit of light, and even of sunshine in most cases, though there is popular prejudice against exposing them to the latter. On the other hand, they suffer, as plants do, from sudden alterations of temperature and from draughts.

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When flowers have been carried a long distance in close boxes or cases they often appear withered or worthless, but with proper treatment they may be revived and restored to their original beauty. Instead of at once being put into vases and exposed to the hot, dry air of the parlor, they should either be spread out on wet flannel or moss and covered with a dish-cover or inverted box, or else put in pans containing moss and water or wet sand, in which they can be set upright, and then shut up in the dark for a few hours. If they do not regain their freshness under this nursing there is no hope for them, but in all ordinary cases their recovery is certain.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

The Way Papa Opened the Door.

A friend of mine was visiting in the family of a well-known Maine man not long ago. A lovely flaxen-haired child of 6 years, the pet of the family, attempted to open a door, which stuck. She pulled and pulled, but could not move it.

"D——n it!" they were astonished to hear her say, as she gave a supreme tug and the door yielded.

"Why, what do you mean, Maud?" exclaimed the horrified mamma.

"That's the way papa opens it," said Maud, innocently.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Mme. Rudoff, of New Orleans, whose husband was a well-known chemist and carried on a lucrative business in drugs, became his successor after his death, and is now the Secretary of the State Pharmaceutical Association.

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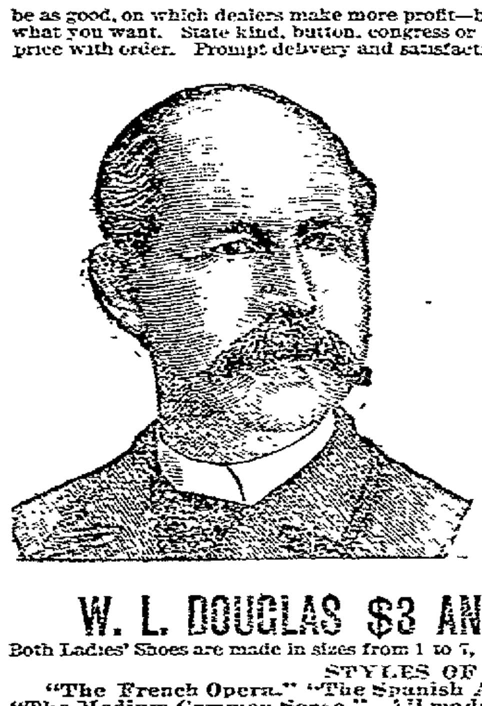

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SHOULDER OF LAMB.

A shoulder of lamb cooked as follows is a very cheap and excellent dinner: Have the butcher cut out the shoulder blade, and the first length and half the second of the foreleg, taking care not to mangle the meat. Stuff with a forcemeat made of bread crumbs with one boiled and mashed onion, seasoned with salt, pepper and sage. Truss it up something in the shape of a duck and sew shut. Lay in a dripping pan on a few sliced vegetables, pour over a gill of hot water, and bake twenty minutes to the pound. Garnish with new, small carrots, onions and new potatoes, strain and thicken the gravy, pour it over all and serve.

HINTS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.

No facings are used on the bottoms of æsthetic house dresses. A wide hem, which must be lined with a crinoline, is turned back about six inches and a side plaiting of India linen or mull in the same side as the gown is set underneath as a balayense, not showing below the hem of the gown. A little tin machine for making side and knife plaitings can be purchased at a trifling cost, and is almost as valuable as a sewing machine in a house where much of the sewing is done at home. Knife plaitings are used on everything, but are not sewed on in the old-style fashion; the plaits must be fine and the entire plaiting gathered on. If for a jabot it is left more full at every turn, as if it were rounding a corner.

An easy way to get a pretty effect in a sleeve is to gather an outside onto a fitted lining, end it at the elbow with a knife-plaited frill about six inches wide, gathered extremely full at the back.

In making over a bodice for a house gown get mull or crepe like the material in color for sleeves, no matter whether other trimmings of mull are used. This gives a dressy effect.—*Chicago Herald.*

WAYS OF BAKING GRAHAM FLOUR.

By this time everybody knows how to make graham "gems" by the usual method, which is simply to stir the batter just a little stiffer than griddle cake batter, and bake quickly in a very hot oven. This thing is certain, the thinner the batter the hotter must be the oven. It is also the case that gems mixed with water require a hotter oven than those mixed with milk. So, if you cannot have a very hot oven, either make the mixture of simple graham flour and water quite thick, or mix the flour with milk. Skimmed milk is good enough, though new or creamy milk makes the bread more "short," of course. Have the gem pans very hot, and then a scrap of cloth with the least bit of butter on it, rubbed over the irons, will prevent the gems from sticking. Housekeepers who have no gem pans can make very nice warm graham bread for breakfast in several ways. Make a dough of flour and sweet milk, skimmed or creamy, as you prefer, or find convenient still enough to roll out easily. Knead this a little, roll it an inch thick and cut it into diamonds; or cut off strips and make it into rolls with the hand; or roll it into balls two inches in diameter, flattening them a little, or not at all, as you choose, or roll the dough very thin and cut it into square crackers, pricking them well to prevent their puffing. Crackers are best with some cream in the mixing, and crackers require more kneading than diamonds and rolls, which are expected to be soft inside.

Any of these kinds of bread, diamonds, rolls, balls and crackers are baked upon the grate in the oven, which should be wiped off very clean. They will not stick to it, and will bake very fast.

RECIPES.

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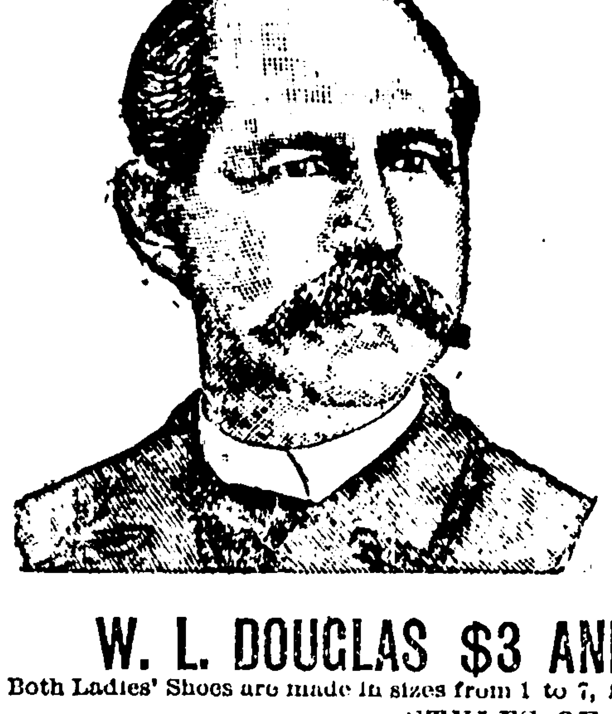
CAUTION W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all Shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory; this protects the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. Take none unless so stamped, nor be deceived by others claimed to be as good, on which dealers make more profit—but send direct to factory, and receive by return mail what you want. State kind, button, congress or lace, wide or narrow toe, size and width, and enclose price with order. Prompt delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



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It contains better material.
It is more stylish, better fitting and durable.
It gives better general satisfaction.
It saves more money for the consumer.
Its great success is due to merit.
It cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.
It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3 shoe advertised.
$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.
The following line of shoes will be found to be of the same high standard of excellence:
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
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$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
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$2.00 GOOD-WEAR SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 AND $2 SHOES FOR LADIES. Both Ladies' Shoes are made in sizes from 1 to 7, including half sizes, and B, C, D, E and EE widths. STYLES OF LADIES' SHOES. "The French Opera," "The Spanish Arch Opera," "The American Common Sense," "The Medium Common Sense." All made in Button in the Latest Styles. Also French Opera in Front Lace, on $3 Shoe only.

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All work should be so done as to give joy to the worker. Perhaps you have never felt joyful when cleaning house? You never will till you use SAPOLIO to assist you. House-cleaning has been revolutionized since housewives first learned its value. Why shouldn't you find joy in your work? All grocers sell it.

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The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 29, 1889.

GROSS CRUELTY.—Parents too frequently permit their children to suffer from headache, fits, St. Vitus dance, nervousness, etc., when they can be cured. Mrs. P. was cured of sick headache, dizziness, dyspepsia, nervous prostration of eighteen years standing, after failure of sixteen physicians; Mrs. K. of sick headache for 35 years; Mrs. P. of twenty to fifty fits a night; others from this vicinity could be mentioned who have been cured by that wonderful nerve food and medicine—Dr. Miles' Nervine, which contains no morphine, opium or dangerous drugs. Free sample bottles may be had at Dicks' drug store.

The State commission, after distributing a million and a half of dollars in Johnstown, will have $90,000 left, which it is proposed shall be deposited with a Philadelphia trust company as an annuity fund for orphan children. It will provide $50 a year for each orphan until it reaches the age of sixteen years.

A SOUND LEGAL OPINION.—E. Bainbridge, Munday Esq., County Atty., Clay co., Texas, says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all malarial diseases, and for all kidney, liver and stomach disorders stands unequaled. Price 50c. and $1 at Dicks' drug store.

Sir Edward Guinness has given £200,000 for the erection of dwellings for the laboring poor of London. He also gives £50,000 to be similarly used for the benefit of the poor of Dublin.

THE NEW DISCOVERY.—You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Dicks' drug store.

The public schools of Chambersburg sent $81.81 to the relief of the Johnstown schools.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Ex-President Cleveland, as referee, has ordered judgment for $33,000 in favor of George H. Phelps against Clarence H. Venner in a stock broking case.

HEART DISEASE.—If you get short of breath, have fluttering, pain in side, faint or hungry spells, swoolen ankles, etc., you have heart disease, and don't fail to take Dr. Miles' New Cure. Sold at Dicks' drug store.

Miss Mattie Walker, of Kansas, has resigned a thousand dollar clerkship in the pension office at Washington to become the wife of a young lawyer of Seattle, Washington.

I HAD STONE IN THE BLADDER and my kidneys were affected. None of the means taken produced any benefit until I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. The pain ceased—the stone having been disolved by the action of the medicine. I am ready in public or in private to testify that my recovery is due to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. E. D. W. Parsons, Rochester.

The will of the late John Crevar, a bachelor, of Chicago, disposes of about $4,000,000. Besides many considerable bequests $2,550,000 is set apart for the erection and maintenance of a public library in Chicago to be known as the John Crever Library.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them. Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

Diphtheria has become so prevalent in Elkhart, Ind., that all the schools have been closed.

THE GREAT—M. P.—By M. P. is meant Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills which regulate the liver, stomach, bowels, etc., through their nerves. Smallest and mildest. A new principle! A revolutionizer! Samples free at Dicks'

The town of Orwigsburg, in Berks county, is nightly visited by burglars, who make successful raids in spite of thirty policemen and special watchmen.

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FAVORITE REMEDY

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Stone in the Kidney.

How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.

In the spring of 18[illegible] I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my back in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was acute

Inflammation of the Bladder,

and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me; the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.—C. W. Brown, Petersburg, N. Y. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Debility of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any benefit.

Favorite Remedy, Rondout,

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Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Prepared by

DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

$1 per bottle Six for $5. By all druggists.

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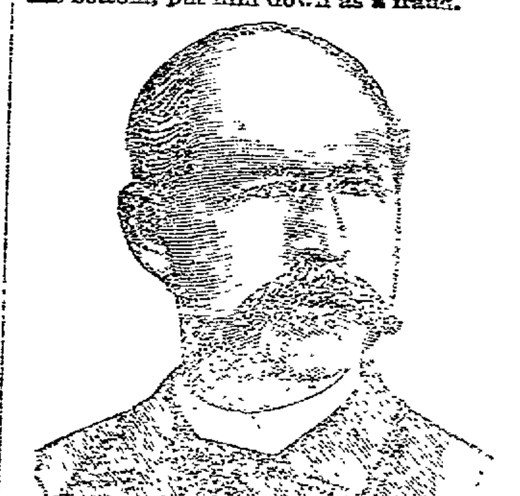

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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

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Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

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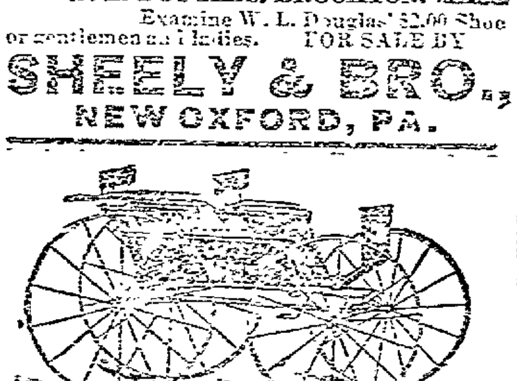

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Canned Goods: corn, peas, tomatoes, peaches, oysters.
Dried Fruit: apples, peaches, prunes, blackberries, corn, currants, raisins, figs, dates, etc., etc.
Oranges, apples, rice, hominy, beans, corn starch, buckwheat flour, oat and corn meal, feed, etc.
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The New Oxford Item.

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Miss Mattie Walker, of Kansas, has resigned a thousand dollar clerkship in the pension office at Washington to become the wife of a young lawyer of Seattle, Washington.

I HAD STONE IN THE BLADDER and my kidneys were affected. None of the means taken produced any benefit until I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. The pain ceased—the stone having been disolved by the action of the medicine. I am ready in public or in private to testify that my recovery is due to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. E. D. W. Parsons, Rochester.

The will of the late John Crevar, a bachelor, of Chicago, disposes of about $4,000,000. Besides many considerable bequests $2,550,000 is set apart for the erection and maintenance of a public library in Chicago to be known as the John Crever Library.

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

Diphtheria has become so prevalent in Elkhart, Ind., that all the schools have been closed.

THE GREAT—M. P.—By M. P. is meant Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills which regulate the liver, stomach, bowels, etc., through their nerves. Smallest and mildest. A new principle! A revolutionizer! Samples free at Dicks'

The town of Orwigsburg, in Berks county, is nightly visited by burglars, who make successful raids in spite of thirty policemen and special watchmen.

MALARIA.

As an anti-malarial medicine

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons, and is the best preventative of chills and malarial fever in the world. It is especially offered as a trusty ... for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, ... all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend ... Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. $1 bottle, 6 for $5, by all druggists.

Stone in the Kidney.

How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.

In the spring of 1878 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was acute

Inflammation of the Bladder,

and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me; the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.—C. W. Brown, Petersburg, N. Y. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Debility of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any benefit.

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Prepared by

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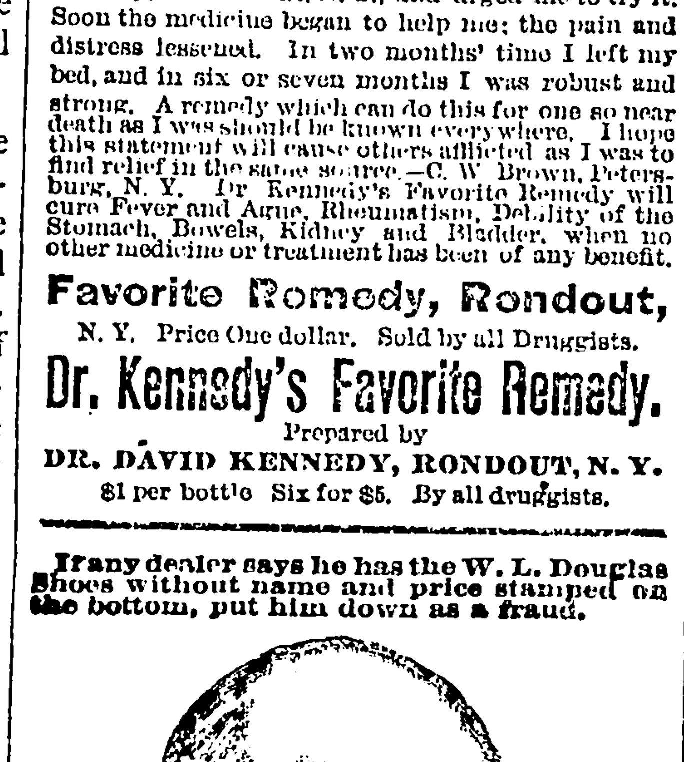

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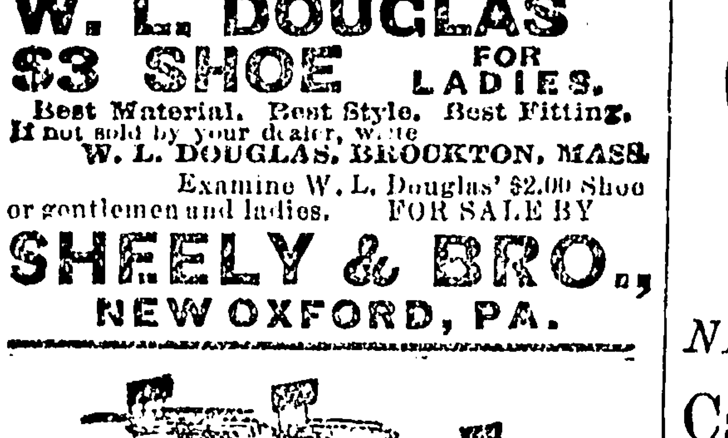

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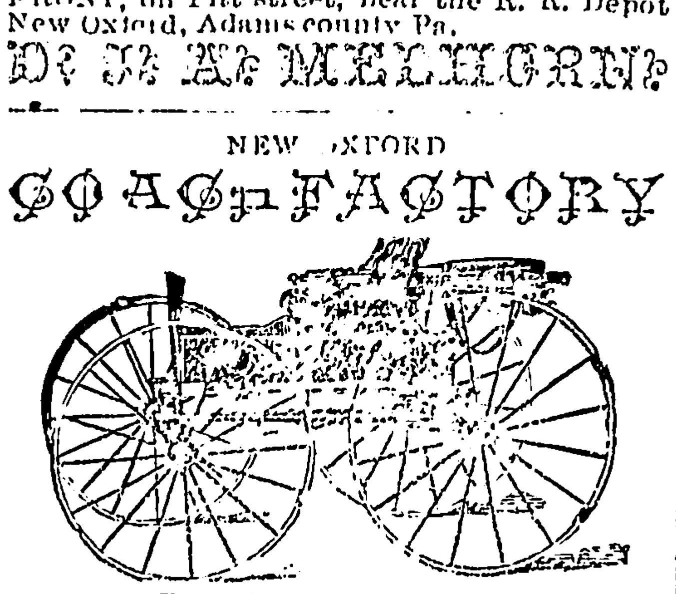

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